



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

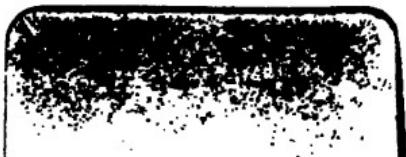
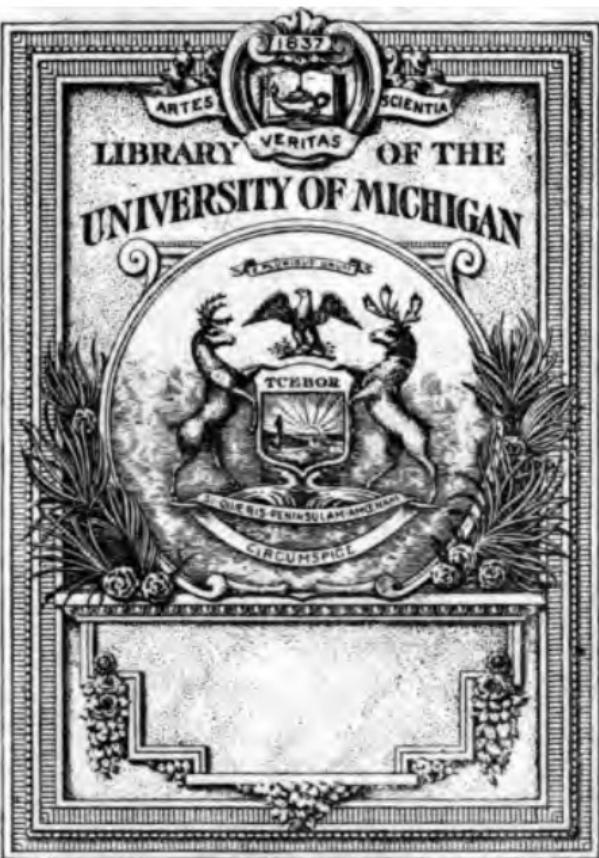
A

919,364

About
Men



What Women
Have Said

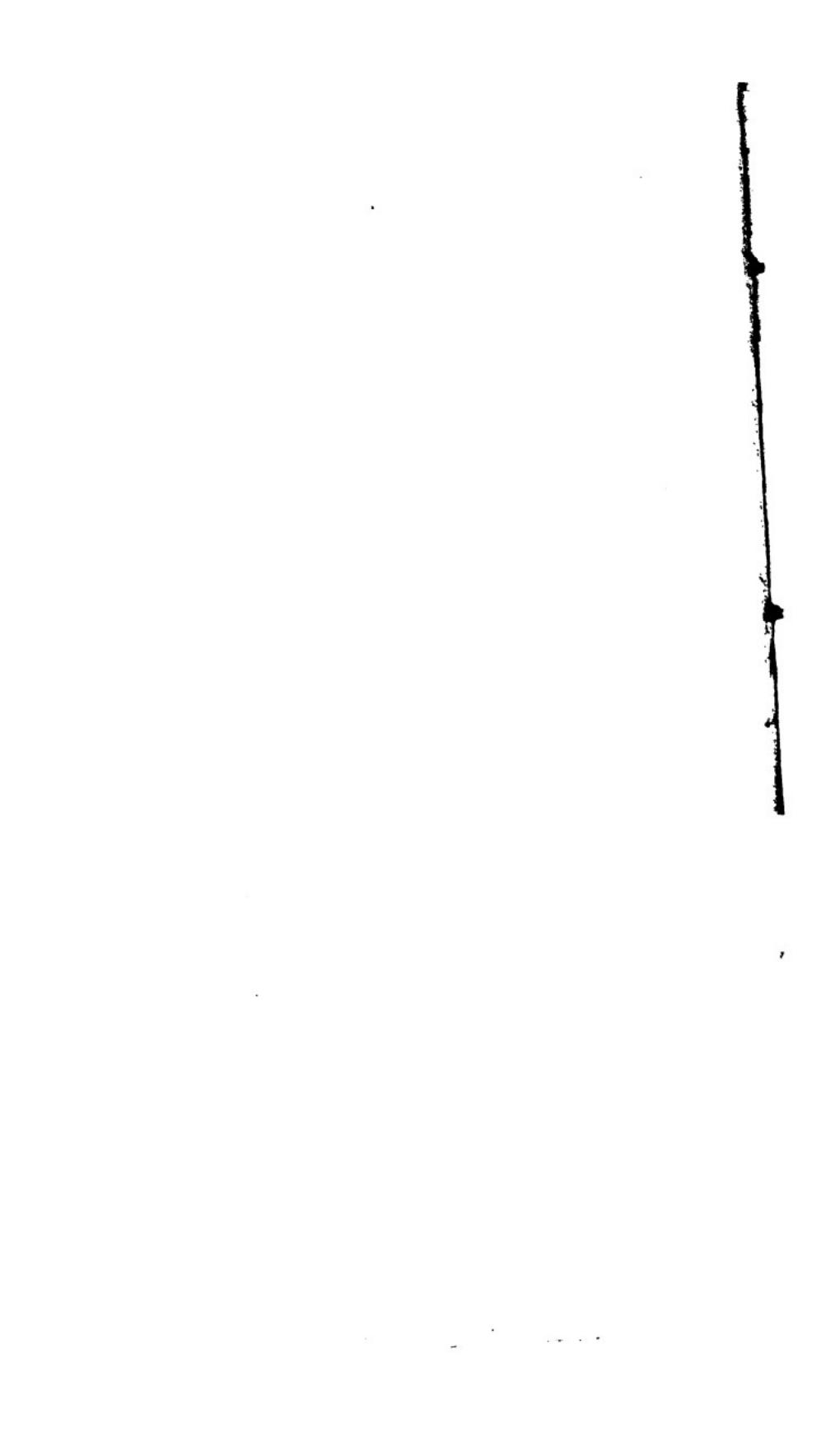


3600
P. 85

818.8

P 85





About | WHAT WOMEN Men: | HAVE SAID



"Art thou great as Man can be?"

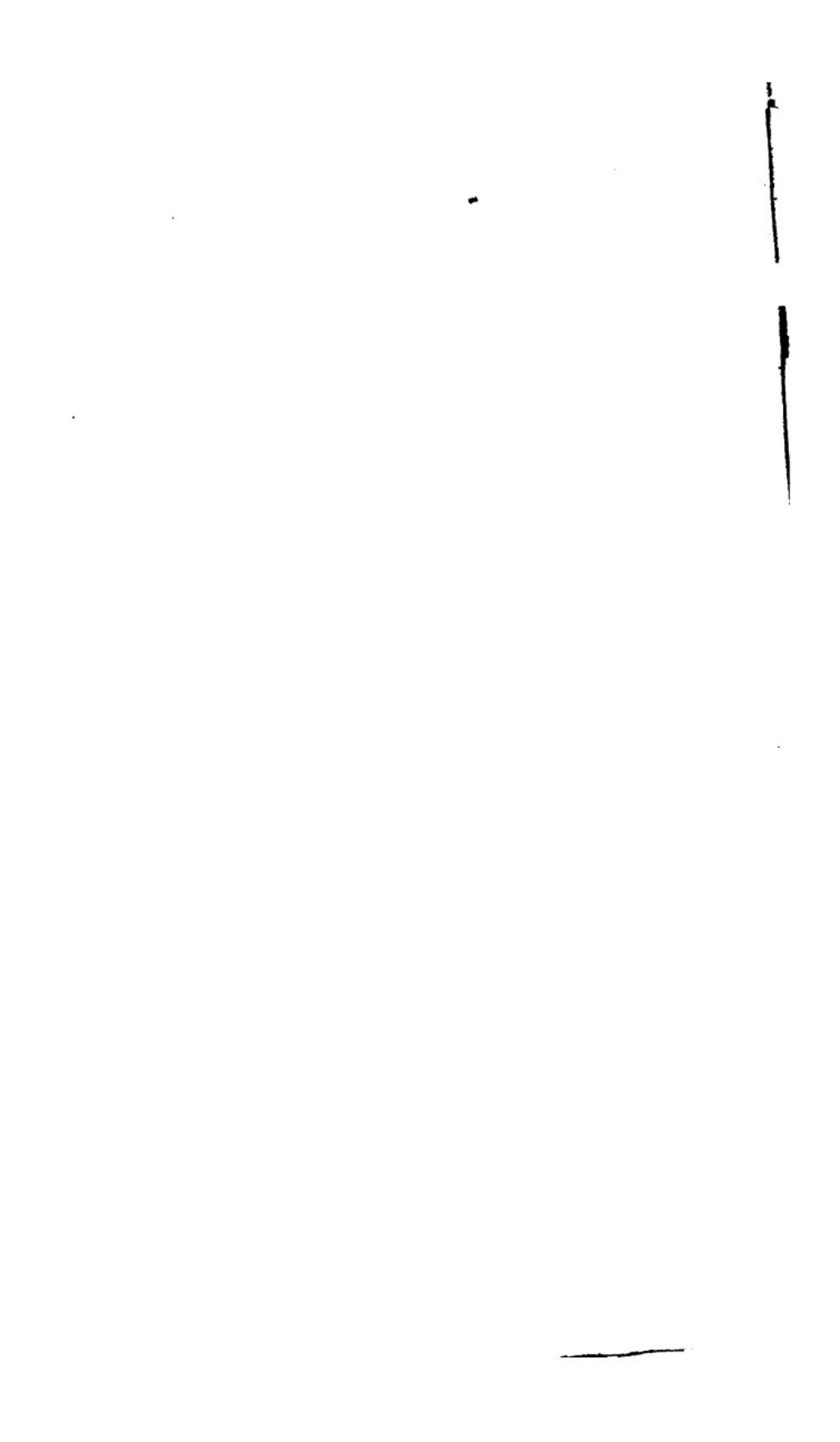
ELIZA COOK

Chosen and Arranged
By

Rose Porter



NEW YORK & LONDON ★ G. P.
PUTNAM'S SONS ★ ★ ★



CONTENTS

JANUARY -	MARIA EDGEWORTH	- - - 1
FEBRUARY -	JANE AUSTEN	- - - 19
MARCH -	FRANCES BURNEY	- - - 31
APRIL -	MADAME DE STAËL	- - - 47
MAY -	CHARLOTTE BRONTE	- - - 59
JUNE -	ELIZABETH B. BROWNING	- 79
JULY -	DINAH C. MULOCK	- - - 93
AUGUST -	GEORGE SAND	- - - 111
SEPTEMBER -	GEORGE ELIOT	- - - 125
OCTOBER -	EDNA LYALL	- - - 143
NOVEMBER -	CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI	- 159
DECEMBER -	MRS. HUMPHREY WARD	- 177

312093

By Rose Porter

About Women: What Men Have Said. An Every-Day Book. Chosen and Arranged by ROSE PORTER. 16mo, cloth extra,
\$1.00

"A distinctive and fascinating compilation."—*The Chicago Dial.*

"Good literature and good humor."—*Philadelphia Times.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS

About Men: | WHAT WOMEN HAVE SAID

"Art thou great as Man can be?"
ELIZA COOK

Chosen and Arranged
By

Rose Porter



NEW YORK & LONDON ★ G. P.
PUTNAM'S SONS ★ ★

1895
BY
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Knickerbocker Press, New Rochelle, N. Y.

CONTENTS

JANUARY -	MARIA EDGEWORTH	- - - 1
FEBRUARY -	JANE AUSTEN	- - - 19
MARCH - -	FRANCES BURNEY	- - - 31
APRIL - -	MADAME DE STAËL	- - - 47
MAY - -	CHARLOTTE BRONTE	- - - 59
JUNE - -	ELIZABETH B. BROWNING	- - - 79
JULY - -	DINAH C. MULOCK	- - - 93
AUGUST -	GEORGE SAND	- - - 111
SEPTEMBER -	GEORGE ELIOT	- - - 125
OCTOBER -	EDNA LYALL	- - - - 143
NOVEMBER -	CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI	- 159
DECEMBER -	MRS. HUMPHREY WARD	- 177

313393



January

Maria Edgeworth

Great men's words, like little men's dreams, are sometimes to be interpreted by the rule of contraries.

Life and Letters.

i

January

First Day.

A well-bred person never forgets that species of respect which is due to situation and rank ; though his superiors in rank treat him with the utmost condescension, he never is “ Hail-fellow well met ” with them ; he never calls them Jack or Tom by way of increasing his own consequence.

Life and Letters.—Vol. I.

Second Day.

I would pardon his dullness and even his ignorance, for one might be the fault of his nature, and the other of his education ; but his self-sufficiency is his own fault, and that I will not, and cannot pardon.

Somebody says that nature may make a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making. He is a solemn coxcomb, who thinks, because his vanity is not talkative and sociable, that it 's not vanity. What a mistake ! His silent superciliousness is to me more intolerable than the most garrulous egotism.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

January

Third Day.

The courtship of an ignorant lover must be about as insipid as a marriage with him ; for “my jewel” constantly repeated without new setting must surely fatigue a little.

Life and Letters.—Vol. I.

Fourth Day.

He had that sort of bashfulness which makes a man surly and obstinate in his taciturnity ; which makes him turn upon all who approach him, as if they were going to assault him ; which makes him answer a question as if it were an injury, and repel a compliment as if it were an insult.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Fifth Day.

Wealth poured in upon him ; but he considered wealth, like a true philosopher, only as one of the means of happiness ; he did not become prodigal or avaricious ; neither did

January

Fifth Day (*continued*).

he ever feel the slightest ambition to quit his own station in society. He never attempted to purchase from people of superior rank admission into their circles, by giving luxurious and ostentatious entertainments. He possessed a sturdy sense of his own value, and commanded a species of respect very different from that which is paid to the laced livery or the varnished equipage.

Popular Tales.—The Manufacturers.

Sixth Day.

Lord Y——'s superiority never depressed those with whom he conversed; on the contrary, they felt themselves raised by the magic of politeness to his level; instead of being compelled to pay tribute, they seemed invited to share his intellectual dominion, and to enjoy with him the delightful pre-eminence of genius and virtue.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui,

January

Seventh Day.

He *bristles* his independence too much upon every occasion, and praises himself too much for it.

Life and Letters.—Vol. I.

Eighth Day.

He was a man whose head was entirely full of gigs, and tandems, and unicorns ; business was his aversion ; pleasure was his business. Money he considered only as the means of pleasure ; tenants only as machines who made money.

Popular Tales.—The Contrast.

Ninth Day.

Epicurism was scarcely more prevalent during the decline of the Roman Empire than it is at this day among some . . . wealthy youths. . . . Many affect it because they have nothing else to do ; and sensual indulgences are all that exist for those who have not sufficient energy to enjoy intellectual pleasures.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui,

Eleventh Day

January

Tenth Day.

He has all the vivacity, and feeling, and wit of youth, and all the gentleness that youth ought to have. His conversation is delightful, nothing too much or too little : sense, and gayety, and learning, and reason, and that perfect knowledge of the world which mixes so well but so seldom with a knowledge of books.

Life and Letters.—Vol. I.

Eleventh Day.

He is scarcely an agreeable man ; the awkwardness of *mauvaise honte* might be pitied and pardoned, if it really proceeded from humility ; but when it is connected with secret and inordinate arrogance, 't is past all endurance. Even his ways of sitting and standing provoke me, they are so self-sufficient. Observe how he stands at the fire. Oh, the caricature of "*the English fireside*" outdone ! Then, if he sits, we hope that change of posture may afford our eyes transient relief ; but worse again ; bolstered

January

Eleventh Day (*continued*).

up, with his back against his chair, his hands in his pockets, and his legs thrown out, in defiance of all passengers, and all decorum, there he sits, in magisterial silence, throwing a gloom upon all conversation. As the Frenchman said of the Englishman, for whom even his politeness could not find another compliment, "*Il faut avouer que ce monsieur a un grand talent pour le silence*" ; he holds his tongue, till the people actually believe that he has something to say ; a mistake they could never fall into if he would but speak.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Twelfth Day.

His whole soul seemed devoted to ambition ; and he talked so much of great men, and state affairs, and court intrigues, and honours, and preferments, that I began to fancy I had been buried alive, because I knew little of these things.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Fifteenth Day

January

Thirteenth Day.

There is a case where a woman may coquet justifiably to the utmost verge which her conscience will allow. It is when a gentleman purposely declines making his addresses till such time as he thinks himself perfectly sure of her consent.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Fourteenth Day.

A little square, pale, flat-faced, good-natured looking, fussy man, with very intelligent eyes, yet great credulity of countenance, and still greater benevolence.

Life and Letters.—Vol. I.

Fifteenth Day.

His ideas of a competent fortune were, indeed, rather unfashionable; for they included only the comforts and conveniences, without any of the vanities of life.

Popular Tales.—The Manufacturers.

January

Sixteenth Day.

Simple in his manners, like all truly great men.

Life and Letters.—Vol. I.

Seventeenth Day.

Prejudiced youth, did we presume to say? Charles would have thought this a very improper expression; for he had no idea that any but old men could be prejudiced. Uncles, and fathers, and grandfathers were, as he thought, the race of beings peculiarly subject to this mental malady; from which all young men, especially those that have their boots made by a fashionable bootmaker, are of course exempt.

Popular Tales.—The Manufacturers.

Eighteenth Day.

A man capable of conquering habitual indolence cannot be of a feeble character.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

January

Nineteenth Day.

The truth of his character gives value to everything he says, even to his humorous stories. He has two things in his character which I think seldom meet—a strong sense of humour and strong feelings of indignation. In his eye you may often see alternately the secret laughing expression of humour, and the sudden open flash of indignation. He is a man of the warmest feelings, with the coldest exterior—a master mind.

Life and Letters.—Vol. II.

Twentieth Day.

Most of the young men of any *ton* either were or pretended to be *connoisseurs* in the science of good eating. Their talk was of sauces and of cooks, what dishes each cook was famous for; whether his *forte* lay in white sauces or brown, in soups, lentils, etc. . . . Then the history and genealogy of the cooks came after

January

Twentieth Day (*continued*).

the discussion of the merit of their works : whom my Lord C's cook lived with formerly—what my Lord D—gave his cook—where they met with these great geniuses, etc.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Twenty-first Day.

Love occupies a vast space in a woman's thoughts, but fills a small portion in a man's life. Women are told that "the great, the important business of their life is love"; but men know they are born for something better than to sing mournful ditties to a mistress's eyebrow. As to marriage, what a serious, terrible thing ! Some quaint old author says, that man is of too smooth and oily a nature to climb up to heaven, if to make him less slippery there be not added to his composition the vinegar of marriage.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Twenty-fourth Day

January

Twenty-second Day.

The man who is sure of himself does not stalk away to avoid danger, but advances to meet it, armed secure in honesty.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Twenty-third Day.

When a man has sufficient strength of mind to rely upon himself, and sufficient energy to exert his abilities, he becomes independent of common report and vulgar opinion. He secures the suffrage of the best judges ; and they, in time, lead all the rest of the world.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Twenty-fourth Day.

It was obvious, they said, he was not born for the situation in which he now appeared. They remarked and ridiculed the ostentation with which he displayed every luxury in his house ; his habit of naming the price of everything, to

January

Twenty-fourth Day (*continued*).

enforce its claim to admiration ; his affected contempt for economy ; joined to his ignorance of genealogy—and the strange mistakes he made between old and new titles.

Popular Tales.—The Manufacturers.

Twenty-fifth Day.

No man ever distinguished himself who could not bear to be laughed at.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Twenty-sixth Day.

He had that sober kind of cheerfulness, that ingenuous openness, and that modest, gentleman-like ease, which pleases without effort, and without bustle.

Life and Letters.—Vol. I.

January

Twenty-seventh Day.

In his address there was a becoming mixture of ease and dignity ; he was not what the French call *maniéré* : his politeness was not of any particular school, but founded on those general principles of good taste, good sense, and good nature which must succeed in all times, places, and seasons. His desire to please evidently arose not from vanity but benevolence. In his conversation there was neither the pedantry of a recluse, nor the coxcombry of a man of the world : his knowledge was select : his wit without effort, the play of a cultivated imagination ; the happiness of his expressions did not seem the result of care, and his allusions were at once so apposite and elegant as to charm both the learned and the unlearned : all he said was sufficiently clear and just to strike every person of plain sense and natural feeling, while to the man of literature it had often a further power to please by its less obvious meaning.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

January

Twenty-eighth Day.

He is a fair, whitish-looking man, very near-sighted, with spectacles which seem to pinch his nose. He pokes out his chin to keep the spectacles on, and yet looks over the top of his spectacles, *squinting* up his eyes so that you cannot see your way into his mind. Then he speaks through his nose, and with a lisp, strangely contrasting with the vehemence of his emphasis. He does not give one any confidence in the sincerity of his patriotism, nor any high idea of his talents, though he seems to have a mighty high idea of them himself.

Life and Letters.—Vol. I.

Twenty-ninth Day.

Talkative, self-sufficient, peremptory, he seemed not to know what it was to *doubt*: he considered doubt as a proof of ignorance, imbecility, or cowardice. . . . On every subject of human knowledge, taste, morals, politics, econ-

Thirtieth Day

January

Twenty-ninth Day (*continued*).

omy, legislation ; on all affairs, civil, military, or ecclesiastical, he decided at once in the most confident tone. Yet he “never read, not he !” he had nothing to do with books : he consulted only his own eyes and ears, and appealed only to common sense. As to theory, he had no opinion of theory ; for his part, he only pretended to understand practice and experience—and his practice was confined steadily to his own practice, and his experience uniformly to what he had tried.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—Ennui.

Thirtieth Day.

He was connected with a set of selfish young men of fashion, whose opinions stood him instead of law, equity, and morality ; to them he appealed in all doubtful cases, and his self-complacency being daily and hourly dependent upon their decisions, he had seldom either lei-

January

Thirtieth Day (*continued*).

sure or inclination to consult his own choice. To follow them in any absurd variety of the mode, either in dress or equipage, was his first ambition.

Tales of Fashionable Life.—The Dun.

Thirty-first Day.

He is not at all anxious to show himself off; he converses, he does not merely talk. His thoughts flow in such abundance, and from so many sources, that they often cross one another; and sometimes a reporter would be quite at a loss. As he literally seems to speak all his thoughts as they occur, he produces what strikes him on both sides of any question. . . . And it is both amusing and instructive to see him thus balancing accounts aloud.

Life and Letters.—Vol. II.

February

Jane Austen

There is one thing, which a man can always do, if he chooses, and that is, his duty.

Emma.

February

First Day.

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

Pride and Prejudice.

Second Day.

It is always incomprehensible to a man that a woman should ever refuse an offer of marriage. A man always imagines a woman to be ready for anybody who asks her.

Emma.

Third Day.

He is a very good sort of a man, but not at all likely to make an imprudent match. He knows the value of a good income as well as anybody. He may talk sentimentally, but he will act rationally. He is well acquainted with his own charms. . . . He knows that he is a very handsome young man, and a great favorite wherever he goes. . . . he does not mean to throw himself away.

Emma.

February

Fourth Day.

One cannot know what a man really is by the end of a fortnight.

Pride and Prejudice.

Fifth Day.

"Dear Mary, I am just arrived. Bath seems full, and everything as usual,

"Yours Sincerely."

That is the true manly style ; that is a complete man's letter.

Mansfield Park.

Sixth Day.

Vanity was the beginning and the end of his character ; vanity of person and of situation. . . . Few women could think more of their personal appearance than he did.

Persuasion.

Seventh Day.

The wisest and best of men,—nay, the wisest and best of their actions, may be rendered ridiculous by a person whose first object in life is a joke.

Pride and Prejudice.

Eleventh Day

February

Eighth Day.

A man would always wish to give a woman a better home than the one he takes her from ; and he who can do it, when there is no doubt of her regard, must be the happiest of mortals.

Emma.

Ninth Day.

He is not like the wild young men now-a-days. . . . Some people will call him proud ; but to my fancy it is only because he does not rattle away like other young men.

Pride and Prejudice.

Tenth Day.

He is evidently a disingenuous, artificial, worldly man, who has never had any better principle to guide him than selfishness.

Persuasion.

Eleventh Day.

Men of sense do not want silly wives.

Emma.

February

Twelfth Day.

If this man had not twelve thousand a year,
he would be a very stupid fellow.

Mansfield Park.

Thirteenth Day.

He began with no object but of making her like him. He did not want her to die of love ; but with sense and temper which ought to have made him judge and feel better, he allowed himself great latitude on such points.

Mansfield Park.

Fourteenth Day.

His manners were an immediate recommendation ; and in conversing with him the solid fully supported the superficial . . . Every thing united in him : good understanding, correct opinions, knowledge of the world, and a warm heart. He had strong feelings of family attachment, and family honor without pride or weakness ; he lived with the liberality of a man of fortune without display.

Persuasion.

Seventeenth Day

February

Fifteenth Day.

He was a stout young man, of middling height, who, with a plain face and ungraceful form, seemed fearful of being too handsome, unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much like a gentleman, unless he were easy when he ought to be civil, and impudent when he might be allowed to be easy.

Northanger Abbey..

Sixteenth Day.

Perhaps he may be a little whimsical in his civilities . . . Your great men often are.

Pride and Prejudice.

Seventeenth Day.

He was not an ill-disposed young man, unless to be rather cold-hearted, and rather selfish is to be ill-disposed.

Sense and Sensibility.

February

Eighteenth Day.

Nursing does not belong to a man ; it is not his province. A sick child is always the mother's property.

Persuasion.

Nineteenth Day.

A straight-forward, open-hearted man . . . may be safely left to manage his own concerns.

Emma.

Twentieth Day.

This man is almost too gallant to be in love, thought Emma. I should say so, but that I suppose there may be a hundred different ways of being in love. He is an excellent young man, . . . but he does sigh and languish and study for compliments rather more than I could endure as a principle.

Emma.

Twenty-first Day.

He could never believe other people different from himself; what was unwholesome to him he regarded as unfit for anybody.

Emma.

February

Twenty-second Day.

He was the sort of young man to be generally liked, his agreeableness was of the kind to be oftener found agreeable than some endowments of a higher stamp, for he had easy manners, excellent spirit, a large acquaintance, and a great deal to say.

Mansfield Park.

Twenty-third Day.

He had vanity, which strongly inclined him, in the first place, to think she did love him, though she might not know it herself; and which, secondly, when constrained to admit that she did know her own feelings, convinced him that he should be able in time to make those feelings what he wished.

Mansfield Park.

Twenty-fourth Day.

What! at three-and-twenty to be the king of the company—the great man—the practised politician who is to read everybody's character, and make everybody's talent conduce to the

February

Twenty-fourth Day (*continued*).

display of his own superiority; to be dispensing his flatteries around, that he may make all appear like fools compared with himself!

Emma.

Twenty-fifth Day.

He is such a good-humored, pleasant, excellent man, that he thoroughly deserves a good wife.

Emma.

Twenty-sixth Day.

The notions of a young man of one or two-and-twenty, as to what is necessary in manners to make him quite the thing are more absurd, I believe, than those of any other set in the world. The folly of the means they often employ is only to be equalled by the folly of what they have in view.

Persuasion.

Twenty-eighth Day

February

Twenty-seventh Day.

I will not allow it to be more man's nature than woman's to be inconstant and forget those they do love, or have loved.

Persuasion.

Twenty-eighth Day.

He judged for himself in every thing essential, without defying public opinion in any point of worldly decorum. He was steady, observant, modest, candid, never run away with by spirits or by selfishness, which fancied itself strong feeling ; and yet with a sensibility to what was amiable and lovely, and a value for all the felicities of domestic life, which characters of fancied enthusiasm and violent agitation seldom really possess.

Persuasion.

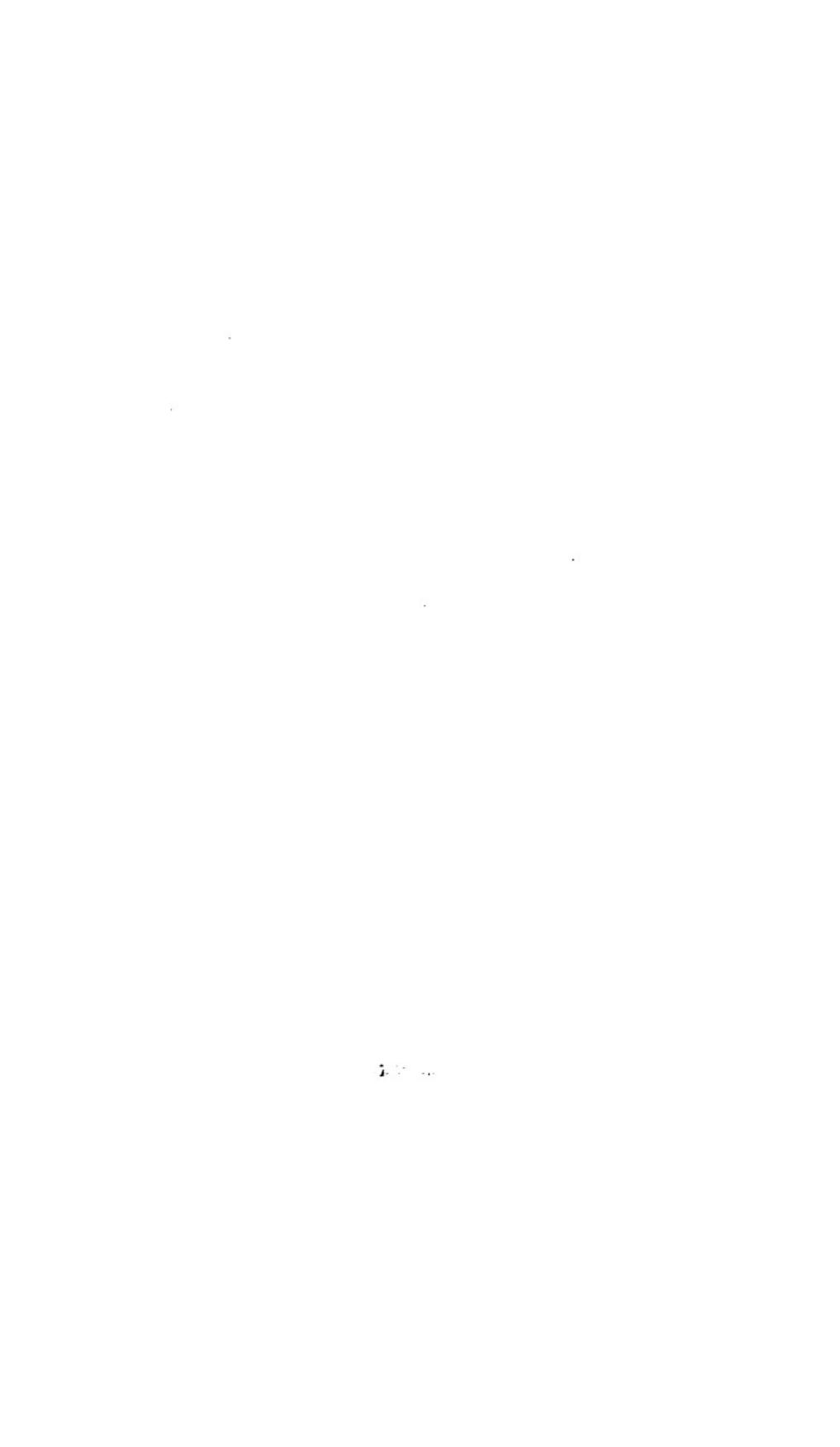


March

Frances Burney

What a fine thing it is to be a young man!

Cecilia.—Book VIII.



March

First Day.

There is a certain unguarded warmth comes across a man now and then, that drives *etiquette* out of his head.

Cecilia.—Book X.

Second Day.

He was a man of parts, information and sagacity; to great native strength of mind he added a penetrating knowledge of the world, and to faculties the most skilful of investigating the character of every other, a dissimulation the most profound in concealing his own.

Cecilia.—Book I.

Third Day.

How strange it is that this man, not contented with the large share of foppery and nonsense which he has from nature, should think proper to affect yet more!

Evelina.—Vol. I.

March

Fourth Day.

I would have all men act for themselves. Every one would then appear what he is ; enterprise would be encouraged, and imitation abolished ; genius would feel its superiority, and folly its insignificance ; and then, and then only, should we cease to be surfeited with the eternal sameness of manner and appearances which at present runs through all ranks of men.

Cecilia.—Book I.

Fifth Day.

If man dared act for himself; if neither worldly views, contracted prejudices, eternal precepts, nor compulsive examples, swayed his better reason and impelled his conduct, how noble indeed would he be !

Cecilia.—Book I.

Sixth Day.

I don't see why a man is not to speak his mind to a lady as well as to a gentleman, provided he does it in a complaisant fashion.

Cecilia.—Book X.

Ninth Day

March

Seventh Day.

There 's nothing methodizes a man but business.

Cecilia.—Book X.

Eighth Day.

The benevolence of his countenance reanimates ; the harmony of his temper composes ; the purity of his character edifies ; . . . he has a brightness how superior in value to that which results from a mere quickness of parts, wit, or imagination !—a brightness which, not contented with merely diffusing smiles and gaining admiration from the sallies of the spirit, reflects a real and a glorious lustre upon all mankind.

Evelina.—Vol. I.

Ninth Day.

He was at once a man of the world and a man of honour.

Cecilia.—Book X.

March

Tenth Day.

Oh, how little, cried she, are the gay and the dissipated to be known on a short acquaintance ! Expensive, indeed, and thoughtless and luxurious he appeared, but fraudulent, base, designing, capable of every pernicious art of treachery and duplicity ; such, indeed, I expected not to find him ; his very flightiness and levity seemed incompatible with such hypocrisy.

Cecilia.—Book IV.

Eleventh Day.

His flightiness proceeded not from gaiety of heart ; it was merely the effect of effort, and his spirits were as mechanical as his taste for diversion.

Cecilia.—Book IV.

Twelfth Day.

The character of a gamester depends solely upon his luck : his disposition varies with every throw of the dice, and he is airy, gay, and good-

Fifteenth Day

March

Twelfth Day (*continued*).

humoured, or sour, morose, and savage, neither from nature nor from principle, but wholly by the caprice of chance.

Cecilia.—Book IV.

Thirteenth Day.

He was too much occupied with the care of his own importance to penetrate into the feelings of another.

Cecilia.—Book II.

Fourteenth Day.

His opinions were as pliant as his bows.

Cecilia.—Book I.

Fifteenth Day.

He was a young man of unexceptionable character, and of a disposition mild, serious, and benignant, his principles and blameless conduct obtained the universal esteem of the world, but his manners, which were rather too

March

Fifteenth Day (*continued*).

precise, joined to an uncommon gravity of countenance and demeanour, made his society rather permitted as a duty than sought as a pleasure.

Cecilia.—Book I.

Sixteenth Day.

He had a set smile on his face, and his dress was so foppish that I really believe he wished to be stared at, and yet he was very ugly.

Evelina.— Vol. I.

Seventeenth Day.

The gentlemen, as they passed and repassed, looked as if they thought we were quite at their disposal and only waiting for the honour of their commands ; and they sauntered about, in a careless, indolent manner, as if with a view to keep us in suspense, . . . and I thought it so

Eighteenth Day

March

Seventeenth Day (*continued*).

provoking, that I determined in my own mind, far from humouring such airs, I would rather not dance at all, than with any one who should seem to think me ready to accept the first partner who would condescend to take me up.

• *Evelina.—Vol. I.*

Eighteenth Day.

As he presented to the world the appearance of decency, . . . he was everywhere well received: . . . the world, with its wonted facility, repaying his circumspect attention to its laws by silencing the voice of censure, guarding his character from impeachment, and his name from reproach.

Cecilia.—Book I.

March

Nineteenth Day.

He considered a cockade as a badge of politeness, and wore it but to mark his devotion to the ladies, whom he held himself equipped to conquer, and bound to adore.

Cecilia.—Book I.

Twentieth Day.

He seemed to consider his own home merely as an hotel, where at any hour of the night he might disturb the family to claim admittance, where letters and messages might be left for him; where he dined when no other dinner was offered him, and where, when he made an appointment, he was to be met with.

Cecilia.—Book I.

Twenty-first Day

March

Twenty-first Day.

He was entirely a man of the world, shrewd, penetrating, attentive to his interest, and watchful of every advantage to improve it.

Cecilia.—Book IV.

Twenty-second Day.

If a man must always be stopping to consider what foot he is standing upon, he had need have little to do, being the right does as well as the left, and the left as well as the right.

Cecilia.—Book V.

Twenty-third Day.

Are there not sharpers, fortune-hunters, sycophants, wretches of all sorts and denominations, who watch the approach of the rich and unwary, feed upon their inexperience, and prey upon their property?

Cecilia.—Book I.

March

Twenty-fourth Day.

He had not strong parts, nor were his vices the result of his passions ; had economy been as much in fashion as extravagance, he would have been equally eager to practise it ; he was a mere time-server ; he struggled but to be *something*, and having neither talent nor sentiment to know *what*, he looked around him for any pursuit, and seeing distinction was more easily attained in the road to ruin than in any other, he galloped along it thoughtless of being thrown when he came to the bottom, and sufficiently gratified in showing his horsemanship by the way.

Cecilia.—Book IV.

Twenty-fifth Day.

His face was neither remarkable for its beauty nor its ugliness, but sufficiently distinguished by its expression of invincible assurance ; his

Twenty-sixth Day

March

Twenty-fifth Day (*continued*).

person, too, though neither striking for its grace nor for its deformity, attracted notice from the insolence of his deportment. His manners, haughty and supercilious, marked the high opinion he cherished of his own importance: and his air and address, at once bold and negligent, announced his happy perfection in the character at which he aimed, that of an accomplished man of the town.

Cecilia.—Book I.

Twenty-sixth Day.

The conversation turned wholly upon eating, a subject which was discussed with the utmost delight; and had I not known they were men of rank and fashion, I should have imagined they had all been professed cooks; for they displayed so much knowledge of sauces and made dishes, that I am persuaded they must have given much time and much study to make themselves such adepts in this art. It would

March

Twenty-sixth Day (*continued*).

be very difficult to determine whether they were most to be distinguished as *gluttons* or *epicures*, for they were at once dainty and voracious, understood the right and the wrong of every dish, and alike emptied the one and the other.

Evelina.—Vol. II.

Twenty-seventh Day.

His conversation was sensible and spirited; his air and address were open and noble; his manners gentle, attentive, and infinitely engaging; his person all elegance, and his countenance most animated and expressive.

Evelina.—Vol. I.

Twenty-eighth Day.

The moment she appeared she became the object of his attention, though neither with the look of admiration due to her beauty, nor yet with that of curiosity, but with the scrutinizing

Twenty-ninth Day

March

Twenty-eighth Day (continued).

observation of a man on the point of making a bargain, who views with fault-seeking eyes the property he means to cheapen.

Cecilia.—Book I.

Twenty-ninth Day.

Though rising in his profession he owed his success neither to distinguished abilities, nor to skill-supplying industry, but to the art of uniting suppleness to others with confidence in himself. To a reverence of rank, talents, and fortune the most profound, he joined an assurance in his own merit, which no superiority could depress; and with a presumption which encouraged him to aim at all things, he blended a good humour that no mortification could lessen.

Cecilia.—Book I.

March

Thirtieth Day.

While by the pliability of his disposition he avoided making enemies by his readiness to oblige, he learned the surest way of making friends by becoming useful to them.

Cecilia.—Book I.

Thirty-first Day.

Misery seeks not man, but man misery. He walks out in the sun but stops not for a cloud, confident he pursues his way, till the storm, which gathering, he might have avoided, bursts over his devoted head. Scared and amazed, he repeats his temerity : he calls, but it is too late ; he runs, but it is thunder which follows him ! Such is the presumption of man ; such at once is the arrogance and shallowness of his nature.

Cecilia.—Book VIII.

April

Madame De Staël

We live in an age when self-interest seems the ruling principle of all men: what sympathy, what enthusiasm, can ever be its result?

Corinne.—Book IV.

April

First Day.

Men only resemble each other when sophisticated by sordid or fashionable life ; whatever is natural admits of variety.

Corinne.—Book I.

Second Day.

In trivial as in great events, where danger is, firmness will find its rightful station ; and while men strongly fear, they cease to feel jealousy.

Corinne.—Book I.

Third Day.

Vanity never leads a man towards the error of sacrificing himself for another.

Corinne.—Book III.

April

Fourth Day.

Triflers are very capable of cleverly directing their own affairs; for in all that may be called the science of policy, in private as in public life, men oftener succeed by the absence of certain qualities than by any which they possess.

Corinne.—Book III.

Fifth Day.

Men of our day can rarely acquire the pride and firmness which mark those of freer and more military States . . . Such a national character must inspire a woman with more enthusiasm; but is it not possible that a man may be brave, honorable, may unite all the attributes which can teach us love, without possessing those that might promise us content?

Corinne.—Book VI.

Ninth Day

April

Sixth Day.

He was superior to the success of his own mind, and spoke of it with indifference.

Corinne.—Book XVI.

Seventh Day.

The aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others.

Corinne.—Book XII.

Eighth Day.

When man is capable of self-knowledge, he is rarely deceived as to his own fate; and presentiment is oft but judgment in disguise.

Corinne.—Book XII.

Tenth Day.

His very faults set off his merits.

Corinne.—Book VIII.

April

Tenth Day.

He was a man of thirty, rich, handsome, highly born, and of honorable character ; but so thoroughly convinced of a husband's right to govern, and a wife's duty to obey, that a doubt on this subject would as much have shocked him as a question of his own integrity.

Corinne.—Book XIV.

Eleventh Day.

The most reasoning characters are often the easiest abashed. The giddy embarrass and over-awe the contemplative : and the being who calls himself happy appears wiser than he who suffers.

Corinne.—Book I.

Twelfth Day.

A sensible man ought to banish from his mind whatever can be of no service to himself or others. Are we not placed here below to be useful first, and consequently happy?

Corinne.—Book I.

Fifteenth Day

April

Thirteenth Day.

His manners were ever sweet and harmonious ; nay, his grief, far from injuring his temper, taught him a still greater degree of consideration and gentleness for others.

Corinne.—Book I.

Fourteenth Day.

He was very mild, obliging, and free ; serious only in his self-love, and worthy to be liked as much as he could like another ; that is, a good companion in pleasure and in peril, but one who knows not how to participate in pain.

Corinne.—Book I.

Fifteenth Day.

He said nothing which could exactly be called coarse yet his light, matter-of-fact manner clashed with the delicacy of his companion. There is a refinement which even wit

April

Fifteenth Day (*continued*).

and knowledge of the world cannot teach their votaries, who often wound the heart, without violating perfect politeness.

Corinne.—Book III.

Sixteenth Day.

You meet some men jealous enough to stab their rivals, others sufficiently modest to accept the second place in the esteem of a woman whose company they enjoy.

Corinne.—Book III.

Seventeenth Day.

There is something great in the man who, while possessing all the pomps and pleasures of the world, fears not to employ his mind in preparation for his death. Moral ideas and disinterested sentiments must fill the soul that, in any way, out-steps the boundaries of life.

Corinne.—Book III.

Twenty-first Day.

April

Eighteenth Day.

It is requisite for the perfection of natural and social order, that men should protect and women be protected.

Corinne.—Book VI.

Nineteenth Day.

Men err from selfishness; women because they are weak.

Corinne.—Book VI.

Twentieth Day.

The vulgarest man, while he prays, suffers, or trusts in Heaven, would express himself like Milton, or Homer, if education had clothed his thoughts in words.

Corinne.—Book X.

Twenty-first Day.

There are but two distinct classes of men born—those who feel enthusiasm and those who deride it; all the rest is the work of society.

April

Twenty-first Day (*continued*).

One class have no words for their sentiments, the other know what they ought to say to hide the void of their hearts.

Corinne.—Book X.

Twenty-Second Day.

Religion links men with each other, unless self-love and fanaticism render it a cause of jealousy and hate. To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life.

Corinne.—Book X.

Twenty-third Day.

Alas! where is the man exempt from foibles, who can look back on his life without regret and remorse? He must be a stranger to the agitations of timidity, and never can have examined his own heart in the solitude of conscience.

Corinne.—Book XII.

Twenty-seventh Day

April

Twenty-fourth Day.

A woman's feeling for a man any way inferior to herself is rather pity than love.

Corinne.—Book XIV.

Twenty-fifth Day.

He was more capable of noble actions than of serious conversation. Corinne found him useful, but could not make him her friend.

Corinne.—Book XVIII.

Twenty-sixth Day.

A thousand complicated circumstances invade the constancy of man.

Corinne.—Book XX.

Twenty-seventh Day.

An over-exertion of certain rights chills a man's heart more than do unjust pretensions. Love delights in paying more than is due when nothing is expected.

Corinne.—Book XX.

April

Twenty=eightb Day.

He played on words most ingeniously, but neither what he saw nor what he felt was his theme. His discourse sprang not from within, nor from without; but steering clear alike of reflection and imagination, found its subjects in the superficial traits of society, . . . as if, in his opinion, the only language for a man of taste was the gossip of good society.

Corinne.—Book I.

Twenty=ninth Day.

His resignation and simplicity, his modesty and pride created respect irresistibly.

Corinne.—Book I.

Thirtieth Day.

Where is he who hath loved God without once wavering? Who served Him from his youth up, and, in his age, finds nothing to remember with remorse? Where is the man, in all his actions moral, who has not been led by flattery or scared by slander?

Corinne.—Book VIII.

May

Charlotte Brontë

All men of talent, whether they be men of feeling or not; whether they be zealots, or aspirants, or despots—provided only they be sincere, have their sublime moments; when they subdue and rule.

Jane Eyre.

May

First Day.

A stalwart form, a massive head,
A firm, determined face.
Black Spanish locks, a sunburnt cheek,
A brow high, broad, and white,
Where every furrow seems to speak
Of mind and moral might.

Poem—The Letter.

Second Day.

His eyes, though clear enough in a literal sense, in a figurative one were difficult to fathom. He seemed to use them rather as instruments to search other people's thoughts, than as agents to reveal his own; the which combination of keenness and reserve was considerably more calculated to embarrass than to encourage.

Jane Eyre.

May

Third Day.

His handwriting is like himself, and so is his seal—all clear, firm, and rounded—no slovenly splash of wax—a full, solid, steady drop—a distinct impress: no pointed turns harshly pricking the optic nerve, but a clear, mellow, pleasant manuscript, that soothes you as you read.

Villette.

Fourth Day.

He smiled with a certain smile he had of his own, and which he used but on rare occasions. He seemed to think it too good for common purposes: it was the real sunshine of feeling.

Jane Eyre.

Fifth Day.

He is a good and a great man; but he forgets, pitilessly, the feelings and claims of little people, in pursuing his own large views. It is better,

Seventh Day

May

Fifth Day (*continued*).

therefore, for the insignificant to keep out of his way, lest, in his progress, he should trample them down.

Jane Eyre.

Sixth Day.

He was in his after-dinner mood ; more expanded and genial, and also more self-indulgent than the frigid and rigid temper of the morning.

Jane Eyre.

Seventh Day.

I am sure most people would have thought him an ugly man ; yet there was so much unconscious pride in his port ; so much ease in his demeanor ; such a look of complete indifference to his own external appearance ; so haughty a reliance on the power of other qualities, intrinsic or adventitious, to atone for the lack of

May

Seventh Day (*continued*).

mere personal attractiveness, that in looking at him, one inevitably shared the indifference, and, even in a blind, imperfect sense, put faith in the confidence.

Jane Eyre.

Eighth Day.

What a very finished, highly-polished little pate it was ! What a figure, so trim and natty ! What womanish feet and hands ! How daintily he held a glass to one of his optics ! . . . Oh, the man of sense ! Oh, the refined gentleman of superior taste and tact.

Villette.

Ninth Day.

It was not his way to treat subjects coldly and vaguely : he rarely generalized, never prosed . . . He seemed to like nice details : . . . He seemed observant of character, and not superficially observant either : these points gave the quality of interest to his discourse ; and the

Tenth Day

May

Ninth Day (*continued*).

fact of his speaking direct from his own resources, and not borrowing or stealing from books—here a dry fact, and there a trite phrase, and elsewhere a hackneyed opinion, ensured a freshness as welcome as it was rare.

Villette.

Tenth Day.

The humanities and amenities of life had no attraction for him—its peaceful enjoyments no charm. Literally, he lived only to aspire—after what was good and great, certainly ; but still he would never rest, nor approve of others resting around him. As I looked at his lofty forehead, still and pale as a white stone—at his fine lineaments fixed in study—I comprehended that he would hardly make a good husband ; that it would be a trying thing to be his wife. . . . I saw he was of the material from which nature hews her heroes—Christian and Pagan—

May

Tenth Day (*continued*).

her law-givers, her statesmen, her conquerors ;
a steadfast bulwark for great interests to rest
upon ; but at the fireside, too often a cold,
cumbersome column, gloomy and out of place.

Jane Eyre.

Eleventh Day.

He was a young, distinguished and handsome man ; he might be a lord for anything I knew ; nature had made him good enough for a prince . . . His face was very pleasant ; he looked high, but not arrogant ; manly, but not overbearing.

Villette.

Twelfth Day.

There are human tempers bland, glowing, and genial, within whose influence it is good for the poor in spirit to live, as it is for the feeble in frame to bask in the glow of noon. Dr. Bretton was one of these choice natures . . . He liked to communicate happiness, as some like

Thirteenth Day

May

Twelfth Day (*continued*).

to occasion misery : he did it instinctively without fuss, and, apparently, with little consciousness ; the means to give pleasure rose spontaneously in his mind . . . I can hardly tell how he managed his engagements ; they were numerous, yet by dint of system, he classed them in an order which left him a daily period of liberty. I often saw him hard-worked, yet seldom over-driven ; and never irritated, confused, or oppressed. What he did was accomplished with the ease and grace of all-sufficing strength ; with the bountiful cheerfulness of high and unbroken energies.

Villette.

Thirteenth Day.

He was one of those on whose birth benign planets have certainly smiled. Adversity might set against him her most sullen front : he was the man to beat her down with smiles. Strong and cheerful, and firm and courteous ; not rash,

May

Thirteenth Day (*continued*).

yet valiant; he was the aspirant to woo Destiny herself, and to win from her stone eyeballs a beam almost loving.

Villette.

Fourteenth Day.

Throughout his whole life he was a man of luck—a man of success. And why? Because he had the eye to see his opportunity, the heart to prompt to well-timed action, the nerve to consummate a perfect work. And no tyrant passion dragged him back; no enthusiasms, no foibles encumbered his way.

Villette.

Fifteenth Day.

The pearl he admired was, in itself, of great price and truest purity, but he was not the man who, in appreciating the gem, could forget its

May

Fifteenth Day (*continued*).

setting. Had he seen Paulina with the same youth, beauty, and grace, but on foot, alone, unguarded and in simple attire, a dependent worker, a demi-grisette, he would have thought her a pretty little creature and would have loved with his eye her movements and her mien, but it required other than this to conquer him as he was now vanquished, to bring him safe under dominion as now, without loss, and even with gain to his manly honor—one saw that he was reduced ; there was about Dr. John all the man of the world ; to satisfy himself did not suffice ; society must approve—the world must admire what he did, or he counted his measure false and futile. In his *victrix* he required all that was here visible—the imprint of high cultivation, the consecration of a careful and authoritative protection, the adjuncts that *Fashion* decrees, *Wealth* purchases, and *Taste* adjusts ; for these conditions his spirit stipulated ere it surrendered ; they were here to the

May

Fifteenth Day (*continued*).

utmost fulfilled ; and now proud, impassioned, yet fearing, he did homage to Paulina as his sovereign.

Villette.

Sixteenth Day.

He made me feel what severe punishment a good, yet stern, a conscientious, yet implacable, man can inflict on one who has offended him. Without one overt act of hostility, one upbraiding word, he contrived to impress me momently with the conviction that I was put beyond the pale of his favor. Not that St. John harbored a spirit of unchristian vindictiveness—not that he would have injured a hair of my head, if it had been in his power to do so. Both by nature and principle, he was superior to the mean gratification of vengeance ; he had forgiven me for saying I scorned him and his love, but he had not forgotten the words ; and as long as he and I lived he never would forget them.

Jane Eyre.

Seventeenth Day

May

Seventeenth Day.

I fear the corrupt man within him had a pleasure unimparted to, and unshared by, the pure Christian, in evincing with what skill he could, while acting and speaking apparently just as usual, extract from every deed and every phrase the spirit of interest and approval which had formerly communicated a certain austere charm to his language and manners. To me he had in reality become no longer flesh, but marble; his eye was a cold, bright, blue gem; his tongue, a speaking instrument—nothing more . . . I felt how if I were his wife, this good man, pure as the deep sunless source, could soon kill me, without drawing from my veins a single drop of blood, or receiving on his own crystal conscience the faintest stain of crime. Especially I felt this, when I made any attempt to propitiate him. No ruth met my ruth. He experienced no suffering from estrangement—no yearning after reconciliation.

Jane Eyre.

May

Eighteenth Day.

He was naturally a little man, of unreasonable moods. When over-wrought, which he often was, he became acutely irritable ; and besides, his veins were dark with a livid belladonna tincture, the essence of jealousy. I do not mean merely the tender jealousy of the heart, but that sterner, narrower sentiment whose seat is in the head.

Villette.

Nineteenth Day.

This benignity, this cordiality, this music, belonged in no shape to me ; it was a part of himself; it was the honey of his temper ; it was the balm of his mellow mood ; he imparted it as the ripe fruit rewards with sweetness the rifling bee ; he diffused it about him as sweet plants shed their perfume. Does the nectarine love either the bee or bird it feeds ? Is the sweet-brier enamoured of the air ?

Villette.

Twenty-second Day

May

Twentieth Day.

He was a man whom it made happy to see others happy; he liked to have movement, animation, abundance and enjoyment around him.

Villette.

Twenty-first Day.

It was only his nerves that were irritable, not his temper that was radically bad. Soothe, comprehend, comfort him, and he was a lamb; he would not harm a fly.

Villette.

Twenty-second Day.

By nature he was a feeler and a thinker; over his emotions and his reflections spread a mellowing of melancholy; more than a mellowing; in trouble and bereavement it became a cloud.

Villette.

May

Twenty-third Day.

Oh, I am so sick of the young men of the present day! . . . Poor, puny things . . . Creatures so absorbed in care about their pretty faces and their white hands, and their small feet; as if a man had anything to do with beauty! As if loveliness were not the special prerogative of woman—her legitimate appanage and heritage! I grant an ugly *woman* is a blot on the fair face of creation; but as to the *gentlemen*, let them be solicitous to possess only strength and valor.

Jane Eyre.

Twenty-fourth Day.

There are people whom a lowered position degrades morally, to whom loss of connection costs loss of self-respect; are not these justified in placing the highest value on that station and association which is their safeguard from debasement? If a man feels that he would become contemptible in his own eyes were it generally

Twenty-eighth Day

May

Twenty-fourth Day (continued).

known that his ancestry were simple and not gentle, poor and not rich, workers and not capitalists, would it be right severely to blame him for keeping these fatal facts out of sight—for starting, trembling, quailing at the chance which threatens exposure?

Villette.

Twenty-fifth Day.

Never was a more undisguised schemer, a franker, looser intriguer. He would analyze his own machinations, elaborately contrive plots, and forthwith indulge in explanatory boasts of their skill.

Villette.

Twenty-sixth Day.

A voice he had belonging to himself—a voice used when his heart passed the word to his lips. That same heart *did* speak sometimes; though an irritable it was not an ossified organ; in its core was a place, tender beyond a man's ten-

May

Twenty-sixth Day (*continued*).

derness; a place that humbled him to little children, that bound him to girls and women; to whom, rebel as he would, he could not disown his affinity, nor quite deny that he was better with them than with his own sex.

Villette.

Twenty-seventh Day.

He had performed an act of duty; made an exertion; felt his own strength to do and to deny, and was on better terms with himself.

Jane Eyre.

Twenty-eighth Day.

He kissed me,—there are no such things as marble kisses, or ice kisses . . . but there may be experiment kisses, and his was an experiment kiss.

Jane Eyre.

May

Twenty-ninth Day.

He looked at once determined, enduring, and sweet-tempered . . . He betrayed no weakness which harassed all your feelings with considerations as to how its faltering must be propped ; from him broke no irritability which startled calm and quenched mirth ; his lips let fall no caustic that burned to the bone ; his eye shot no morose shafts that went cold and rusty and venomed through your heart ; beside him was rest and refuge—around him, fostering sunshine . . . And yet . . . once angered, I doubt if he were to be soon propitiated—once alienated, whether he were ever to be reclaimed.

Villette.

Thirtieth Day.

He asks me to be his wife, and has no more of a husband's heart for me than that frowning giant of a rock . . . He prizes me as a soldier would a good weapon ; and that is all . . . Shall I ? I said briefly ; and I looked at his fea-

May

Thirtieth Day (*continued*).

tures, beautiful in their harmony, but strangely
formidable in their still severity ; at his brow,
commanding but not open ; at his tall, imposing
figure ; and fancied myself in ideal *his wife*.
Oh ! it would never do.

Jane Eyre.

Thirty-first Day.

I do believe there are some human beings, so born, so reared, so guided from a soft cradle to a calm and late grave, that no excessive suffering penetrates their lot, and no tempestuous blackness overcasts their journey. And often, they are not pampered, selfish beings, but Nature's elect, harmonious and benign ; men and women mild with charity, kind agents of God's kind attributes . . . And such an agent did Dr. Bretton prove. He did not with time degenerate ; his faults decayed, his virtues ripened ; he rose in intellectual refinement, he won in moral profit ; all dregs filtered away, the clear wine settled bright and tranquil.

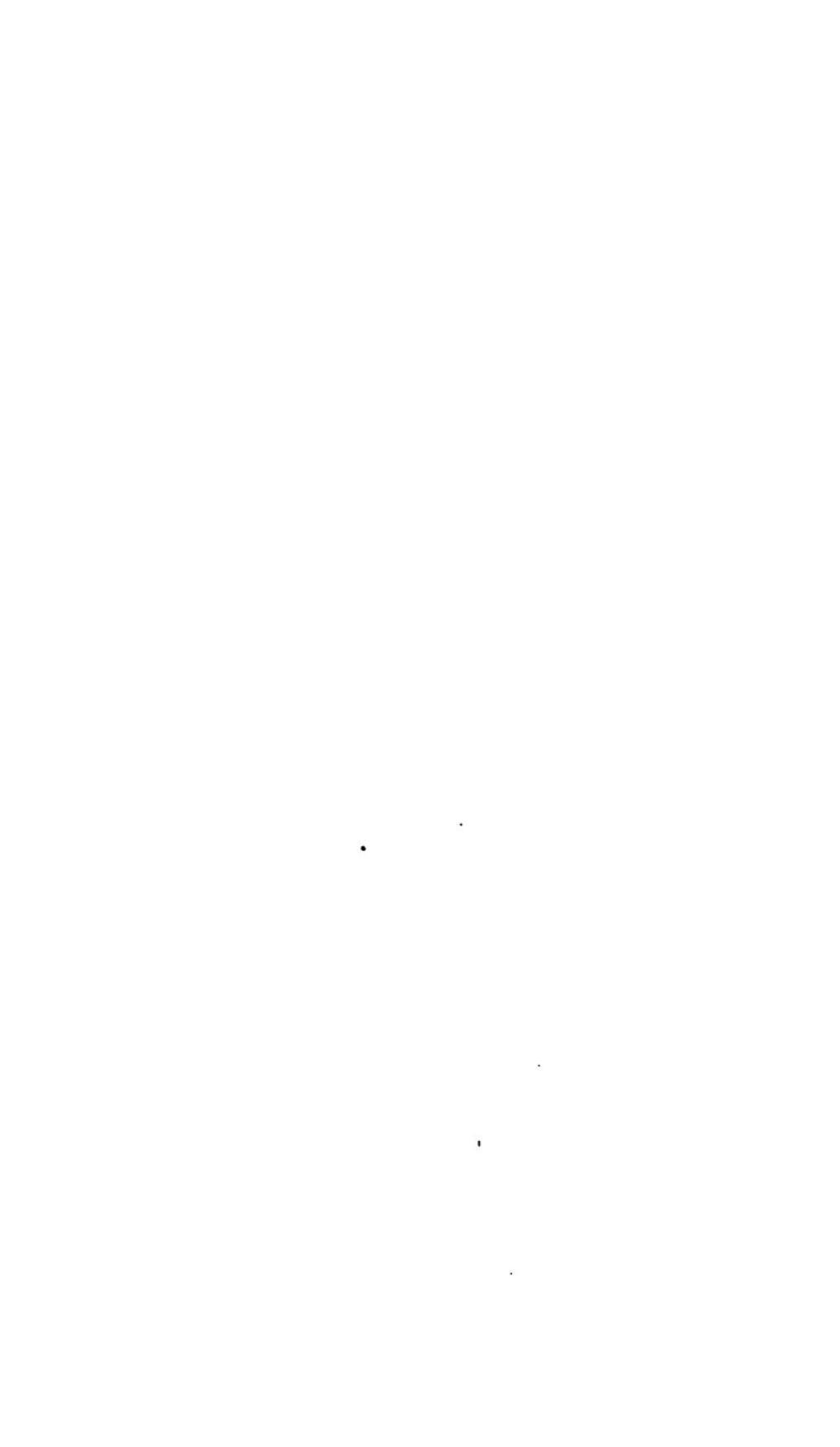
Villette.

June

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

To find man's veritable stature out,
Erect, sublime,—the measure of a man,
And that 's the measure of an angel.

Aurora Leigh—First Book.



June

First Day.

It takes a high-souled man
To move the masses—even to a cleaner style :
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
The dust of the actual.

Aurora Leigh—Second Book.

Second Day.

I like his face : the forehead's build
Has no capacious genius, yet perhaps
Sufficient comprehension—mild and sad,
And careful nobly—not with care that wraps
Self-loving hearts, to stifle and make mad,
But careful with the care that shuns a lapse
Of faith and duty—studious not to add
A burden in the gathering of a gain.

Casa Guidi Windows, XIII.

Third Day.

Men, upon the whole,
Are what they can be—nations, what they
would.

Casa Guidi Windows, XVI.

June

Fourth Day.

Why the world were wrecked,
If every mere great man, who lives to reach
A little leaf of popular respect,
Attained not simply by some special breach
In his land's customs,—by some precedence
In thought and act—which, having proved him
higher
Than his own times, proved too his com-
petence
Of helping them to wonder and aspire.

Casa Guidi Windows, XXIV.

Fifth Day.

'T is true that when the dust of death has choked
A great man's voice, the common words he
said
Turn oracles,—the meanings which he yoked
Like horses, draw like griffins!—this is true
And acceptable.

Casa Guidi Windows, VIII.

Eighth Day

June

Sixth Day.

How God laughs in heaven, when any man
Says "Here I 'm learned ; this, I understand ;
In that, I am never caught at fault or doubt."

Aurora Leigh—First Book.

Seventh Day.

Young men . . .
Too often sow their wild oats in tame verse,
Before they sit down under their own vine
And live for use.

Aurora Leigh—First Book.

Eighth Day.

He smiled as men smile when they will not
speak,
Because of something bitter in the thought.

Aurora Leigh—Second Book.

June

Ninth Day.

He builds his goodness up
So high, it topples down to the other side,
And makes a sort of badness.

Aurora Leigh—Third Book.

Tenth Day.

He lives by diagrams,
And crosses out the spontaneities
Of all his individual, personal life
With formal universals. As if man
Were set upon a high stool at a desk,
To keep God's books for Him, in red and black,
And feel by millions !

Aurora Leigh—Third Book.

Eleventh Day.

How arrogant men are!—Even philanthropists,
Who try to take a wife up in the way
They put down a subscription-cheque.

Aurora Leigh—Fourth Book.

Fifteenth Day

June

Twelfth Day.

He, in his developed manhood, stood,
A little sunburnt by the glare of life.

Aurora Leigh—Fourth Book.

Thirteenth Day.

A great man,
He leaves clean work behind him, and requires
No sweeper up of the chips.

Aurora Leigh—Fifth Book.

Fourteenth Day.

Is he the toad? he 's rather like the snail;
Known chiefly for the house upon his back;
Devide the man and house—you kill the man.

Aurora Leigh—Fifth Book.

Fifteenth Day.

A wise man
Can pluck a leaf, and find a lecture in 't.

Aurora Leigh—Seventh Book.

June

Sixteenth Day.

A man may love a woman perfectly,
And yet by no means ignorantly maintain
A thousand women have not larger eyes ;
Enough that she alone has looked at him
With eyes that, large or small, have won his
soul.

Aurora Leigh—Eighth Book.

Seventeenth Day.

It is impossible
To get at men excepting through their souls.

Aurora Leigh—Eighth Book.

Eighteenth Day.

Free men freely work ;
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.

Aurora Leigh—Eighth Book.

Twenty-first Day

June

Nineteenth Day.

From his personal loss
He has come to hope for others when they lose,
And wear a gladder faith in what we gain.

Aurora Leigh—Ninth Book.

Twentieth Day.

Small spheres hold small fires ;
But he loved largely, as a man can love
Who, baffled in his love, dares live his life,
Accept the ends which God loves, for his own,
And lift a constant aspect.

Aurora Leigh—Ninth Book.

Twenty-first Day.

Men who work, can only work for men,
And, not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity, and, so, work humanly,
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did, first.

Aurora Leigh—Ninth Book.

June

Twenty-second Day.

The man most man, with tenderest human
hands,

Works best for men,—as God in Nazareth.

Aurora Leigh—Ninth Book.

Twenty-third Day.

The inconsequent creature, man,—
For that 's his specialty. What creature else
Conceives the circle, and then walks the square?
Loves things proved bad, and leaves a thing
proved good?

Aurora Leigh—Seventh Book.

Twenty-fourth Day.

Good Sir Blaise's brow is high
And noticeably narrow; a strong wind,
You fancy, might unroof him suddenly,
And blow that great top attic off his head,
So piled with feudal relics.

Aurora Leigh—Fifth Book.

Twenty-sixth Day

June

Twenty-fifth Day.

Love, to him, was made
A simple law-clause. If I married him,
I would not dare to call my soul my own,
Which so he had bought and paid for : every
thought
And every heart-beat down there in the bill,—
Not one found honestly deductible
From any use that pleased him !

I could not claim
The poor right of a mouse in a trap, to squeal,
And take so much as pity, from myself.

Aurora Leigh—Second Book.

Twenty-sixth Day.

The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir,
To put on when you 're weary—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you . . . “curse
that stool ! ”

June

Twenty-sixth Day (*continued*).

Or else at best, a cushion, where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be for your sake.

Aurora Leigh—First Book.

Twenty-seventh Day.

When all 's done
By me . . . for him—you 'll ask him presently
The color of my hair—he cannot tell,
Or answers "dark," at random,—while, be sure,
He 's absolute on the figure, five or ten,
Of my last subscription.

Aurora Leigh—Third Book.

Twenty-eighth Day.

Be still and strong,
O man, my brother ! . . .
And keep thy soul's large window pure from
wrong,—

Thirtieth Day

June

Twenty-eighth Day (*continued*).

That so, as life's appointment issueth,
Thy vision may be clear to watch along
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

Sonnet—The Prospect.

Twenty-ninth Day.

We must

Beware, and mark the natural kiths and kins
Of circumstance and office, and distrust
A rich man's reasoning in a poor man's hut.

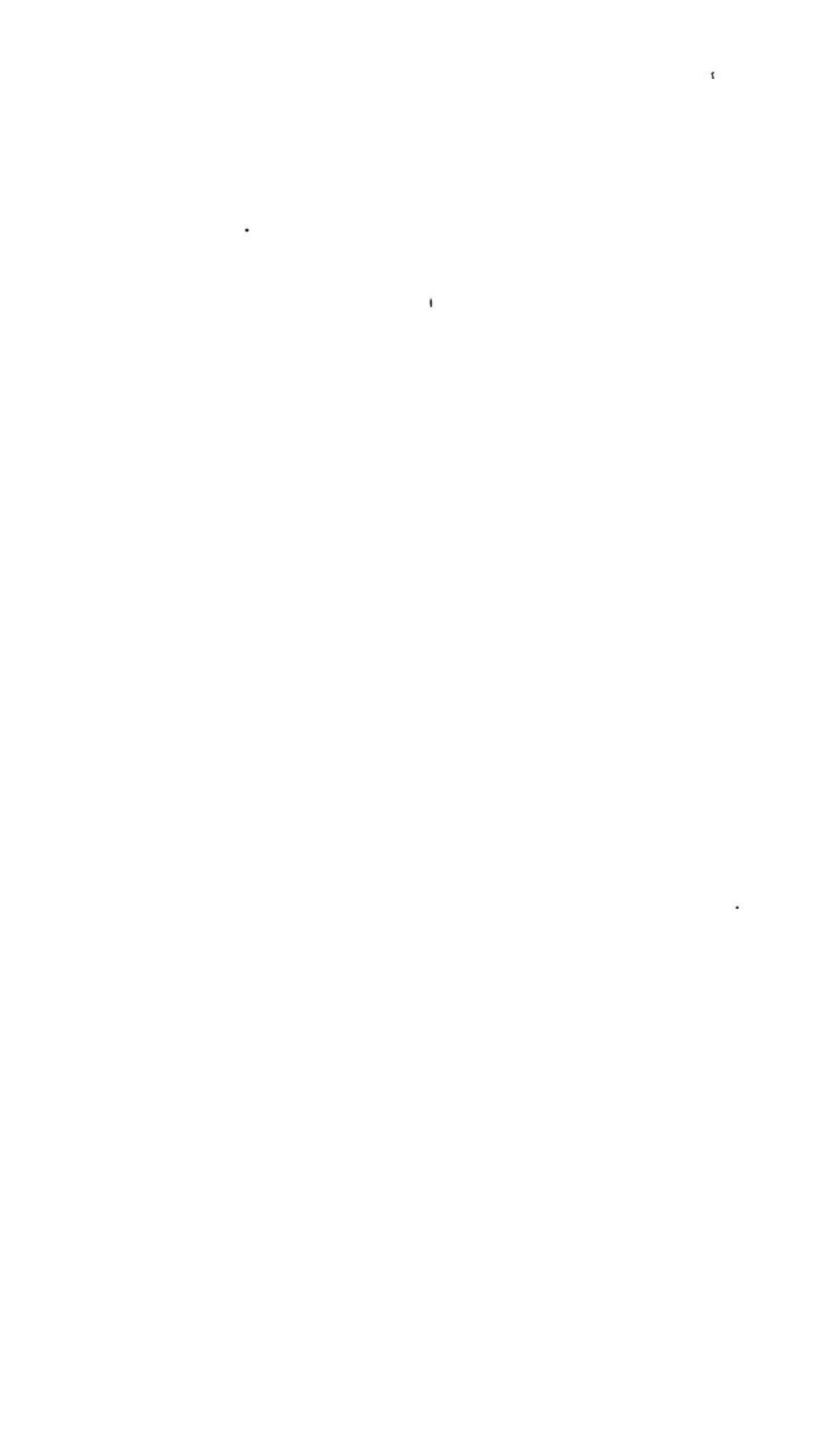
Casa Guidi Windows, XXIII.

Thirtieth Day.

Men who, living, were but dimly guessed,
When once free from their life's entangled
mesh,

Show their full length in graves, or even indeed
Exaggerate their stature, in the fiat,
To noble admirations, which exceed
Nobly, nor sin in such excess. For that
Is wise and righteous.

Casa Guidi Windows, VIII.



July

Dinah C. Muloch

A true man should live, and live nobly, for the
woman he loves.

John Halifax.

July

First Day.

There are some men, and mostly those grave, shy, and reserved men, who have always the truest and tenderest heart, whom nothing transforms so much as to be with children, especially if the children are their own. They are given to hiding a great deal, but the father in them cannot be hid. Why should it? Every man, who has anything really manly in his nature, knows well that to be a truly good father, carrying out by sober reason and conscience those duties which in the mother spring from instinct, is the utmost dignity to which his human nature can attain.

Christian's Mistake.

Second Day.

With all his gentle, unassuming ways, he had an excellent judgment—the clear, sound, unbiased judgment which no man can ever attain to except a man who thinks little of

July

Second Day (*continued*).

himself; to whom his own honour and glory come ever second, and his Master's glory and service first.

A Noble Life.

Third Day.

No insult offered to a man can ever degrade him; the only real degradation is when he degrades himself.

John Halifax.

Fourth Day.

He was charitable, because he felt his own infirmities; placing himself at no higher level than his neighbour, he was always calmly and scrupulously just.

A Noble Life.

Seventh Day

July

Fifth Day.

He was always specially popular with servants and inferiors of every sort, for he possessed that best key to their hearts, the gentle dignity which never needs to assert a superiority that is at once felt and acknowledged.

A Noble Life.

Sixth Day.

There he stood, a graceful, well-appointed, fashionable young man, with not a hair awry in his black curls, not a shadow on his handsome face, perfectly satisfied with himself and his fortunes.

Christian's Mistake.

Seventh Day.

He was one of those men who charm everybody—perhaps because he was not deliberately bad. . . . He had that rare combination of

July

Seventh Day (*continued*).

a brilliant intellect, an æsthetic fancy, strong passions and a weak moral nature, which makes some of the most dangerous and fatal characters the world ever sees.

Christian's Mistake.

Eighth Day.

His upright, honest nature, though capable of great reserve, was utterly incapable of false pretences, deceit, or self-interested diplomacy. And what was impossible in himself he never suspected in other people.

A Noble Life.

Ninth Day.

One of the best qualities he possessed—most blessed and useful to him, as it is to every human being—was the power of making up his own mind, and acting upon it with that quiet

Eleventh Day

July

Ninth Day (continued).

resolution which is quite distinct from obstinacy—obstinacy, usually the last stronghold of cowards, and the blustering self-defence of fools.

A Noble Life.

Tenth Day.

He found “business” nearly as interesting as Greek and Latin, perhaps even more so, for there was something human in it; something which drew one closer to one’s fellow-creatures, and benefited other people besides one’s self.

A Noble Life.

Eleventh Day.

His eyes flashed under his broad brows. Thoroughly manly brows they were, wherein any acute observer might trace that clear sound sense, active energy, and indomitable per-

July

Eleventh Day (*continued*).

severance which make the real man, and lacking which the “brawest” young fellow alive is a mere body—an animal wanting the soul.

A Noble Life.

Twelfth Day.

True manliness is not solely outside. I dare say you could find many a fool and a coward six feet high.

A Noble Life.

Thirteenth Day.

Next to a bad man or a fool, of all things most detestable is “a man of society”; a brilliant, showy person, who gathers round him a knot of listeners, to whom his one object is to exhibit himself. But it is no small advantage for a man, even a clever or learned man, to feel and appear at home in any company: to be neither eccentric nor proud, nor shy; to have a pleasant word or smile for everybody; both to

Fifteenth Day

July

Thirteenth Day (*continued*).

seem and to be occupied with other people instead of with himself, and with what other people are thinking about him ; in short, a frank, kindly, natural gentleman, so sure both of his position and himself that he takes no trouble in the assertion of either, but simply devotes himself to making all about him as comfortable and happy as he can.

Christian's Mistake.

Fourteenth Day.

The richest man should work if he can.

A Noble Life.

Fifteenth Day.

He had a habit, this tender-hearted, pious man, who, with all his learning, kept a religious faith as simple as a child's, of speaking of the dead as only "away."

A Noble Life.

July

Sixteenth Day.

With all his gentleness, he was the sort of man to whom nobody could address intrusive or impertinent questions.

A Noble Life.

Seventeenth Day.

Men shrink so much more than women from any physical suffering or deformity.

A Noble Life.

Eighteenth Day.

He had the rare quality of seeing the comical side of things, without a particle of ill-nature being mixed up with his fun. His wit danced about as brilliantly and as harmlessly as the northern light that flashed and flamed of winter nights.

A Noble Life.

Twentieth Day

July

Nineteenth Day.

His character stood—good-natured and kindly—perhaps not even unlovable, but destitute of the very foundations of all that constitutes worth in a man—or woman either—truthfulness, independence, honour, honesty.

A Noble Life.

Twentieth Day.

A graceful, handsome young man, gifted with that peculiar sort of beauty which you see in Goëthe's face, and in Byron's, indicating what may be called the Greek temperament—the nature of the old Attic race—sensuous not sensual; pleasure-loving, passionate, and changeable, not intentionally vicious, but revelling in a sort of glorious enjoyment, intellectual and corporeal, to which everything else is sacrificed—in short, the heathen as opposed to the Christian type of manhood—a type which lasts as long as the body lasts, and the intellect; when

July

Twentieth Day (*continued*).

these both fail, and there is left to the man only that something which we call the soul, the immortal essence, one with Divinity, and satisfied with nothing less than the divine—alas for him !

Christian's Mistake.

Twenty-first Day.

All men have some good in them, and the good in this man was, that, if a scapegrace, he was not a weak villain, not a coward.

Christian's Mistake.

Twenty-second Day.

Men, the very best of men, can only suffer, while women can endure.

John Halifax.

Twenty-third Day.

That something without which no woman can wholly respect any man—the power of asserting and of maintaining authority : not that

Twenty-fourth Day

July

Twenty-third Day (*continued*).

arbitrary, domineering rule which springs from the blind egotism of personal will, and which every other conscientious will, be it of wife, child, servant or friend, instinctively resists, and ought to resist, but calm, steadfast, just, righteous authority.

Christian's Mistake.

Twenty-fourth Day.

He looked so good and sweet—yes, sweet is the only fitting word ; a gentle simplicity like a child's, which always seemed to hover around this bookish-learned man—that the women-kind were silenced—as, by a most fortunate instinct, women generally are in presence of their masculine relations. They may quarrel enough among themselves, but they seem to feel that men either will not understand it or not endure it. That terrible habit of “talking over,” by

July .

Twenty-fourth Day (*continued*).

which most women "nurse their wrath and keep it warm," is happily to men almost impossible.

Christian's Mistake.

Twenty-fifth Day.

Manhood had come to him, both in character and demeanour . . . as a rightful inheritance, to be received humbly, and worn simply and naturally.

John Halifax.

Twenty-sixth Day.

He was not a popular preacher, he had never published a book, . . . and he had taken no part in the theological controversies of the times. He was content to let other men fight about Christianity,—he only *lived* it.

A Noble Life.

Twenty-eighth Day

July

Twenty-seventh Day.

The sort of feeling every good man has, that the sacred passion, the inmost tenderness of his love should be kept wholly between himself and the woman he has chosen.

John Halifax.

Twenty-eighth Day.

His face had that charm, perhaps the greatest, certainly the most lasting, either in women or men—of infinite variety. You were always finding out something—an expressson strange as tender, or the touch of a swift, brilliant thought, or an indication of feeling different from, perhaps deeper than, anything which appeared before. When you believed you had learnt it line by line, it would startle you by a phase quite new, and beautiful as new. For it was not one of your impassive faces, whose owners count it pride to harden into a mass of stone those lineaments which nature made as

July

Twenty-eighth Day (*continued*).

the flesh and blood representations of the man's soul. True, it had its reticences, its sacred disguises, noble powers of silence and self-control. It was a fair-written, open book : only, to read it clearly, you must come from its own country, and understand the same language.

John Halifax.

Twenty-ninth Day.

Abel Fletcher, like all honest men, liked honesty.

John Halifax.

Thirtieth Day.

Every advantage that rank or fortune could give was his already : but he had another possession still . . . the art of making himself "weel liket." The mob of "good society," which is no better than any other mob, will run

Thirty-first Day

July

Thirtieth Day (continued).

after money, position, talent, beauty, for a time; but it requires a quality higher and deeper than these, and distinct from them all, to produce lasting popularity.

A Noble Life.

Thirty-first Day.

He had that manner innately a gentleman's, which makes the acknowledging of a favour appear like the conferring of one. . . . He was a person of deeds not words.

Christian's Mistake.

August

George Sand

Man never learns by experience. You may teach him authentic history as much as you please, and, in spite of it, he will continually re-enact the same faults and follies as ever.

The Snow Man.



August

First Day.

He who does not think well of the work he is doing, is made impotent by that very fact.

The Snow Man.

Second Day.

No man—or so it seems to me—at least unless he has passed all his life before a mirror, or as a portrait-painter, can have a very exact idea of his own appearance.

The Snow Man.

Third Day.

He tried to make himself happy by working hard, and doing good to others; for happiness is what man always seeks, even when he sacrifices himself.

The Snow Man.

Fourth Day.

He is slow-witted, and yet he never breaks down; for he has the gift of talking without saying anything.

The Snow Man.

August

Fifth Day.

I could not see what illness or affliction he had, unless laziness and distrust were infirmities of nature—which might be possible, though it certainly seemed to me in the power of man to subdue them.

The Bagpipers.

Sixth Day.

As he could not be contented to live simply, and had not the force of character to work for a living, he had ended by becoming a swindler.

The Snow Man.

Seventh Day.

I have often observed that a thorough scoundrel is often one of the most agreeable of men, and that the most companionable people are frequently the most destitute of dignity of character. But we have an absurd conceit that

Tenth Day

August

Seventh Day (*continued*).

makes us believe that we can exert an influence over such men, and when they deceive us, the fault is as much ours as theirs.

The Snow Man.

Eighth Day.

A man's honour must be very frail, if he cannot make himself respected, without having a sword dangling at his side.

The Snow Man.

Ninth Day.

Man is not made for that selfish concentration of despair which is called either abnegation or stoicism.

Mauprat.

Tenth Day.

This young man, although modest and wise, has always had the weakness to yield to a family prejudice. He was ashamed of his poverty, and concealed it as one conceals a leprosy ; so much

August

Tenth Day (*continued*).

so, indeed, that he has ended by ruining himself, from his unwillingness to allow the progress of his ruin to appear.

Mauprat.

Eleventh Day.

A man loved by a beautiful and virtuous woman carries a talisman that renders him invulnerable; all feel that such a one's life has a higher value than that of others.

Mauprat.

Twelfth Day.

He had a magnificent constitution. Equally vigorous in body and in mind, equally quick in his movements, and ready and agreeable in conversation, he was, in a word, one of those admirably endowed human beings who must, from necessity, emerge from obscurity.

The Snow Man.

Fifteenth Day

August

Thirteenth Day.

A man of mind ; a fine speaker ; a man of the world, and without prejudices.

The Snow Man.

Fourteenth Day.

No man can surrender regard for his own honour without abandoning respect for honourable principles. If it is noble to sacrifice personal glory and life to the mysterious decrees of the conscience, it is cowardly to abandon either the one or the other to the fury of an unjust persecution.

Mauprat.

Fifteenth Day.

A man must be able to support his family, or else remain a bachelor.

The Snow Man.

August

Sixteenth Day.

Life without its superfluities, is not worth the trouble of living. Should not man's aim be to build himself a nest with care and foresight, of which the very birds set him an example?

The Snow Man.

Seventeenth Day.

His memory was a real scourge ; it would not allow him to omit the least circumstance ; and when he was talking of himself, it never occurred to him that any one could be tired of listening.

The Snow Man.

Eighteenth Day.

All men are poor creatures, more or less.

The Snow Man.

Nineteenth Day.

He was a great talker, as all men endowed with strong intellectual and physical vitality are apt to be.

The Snow Man.

Twenty-second Day

August

Twentieth Day.

Men imagine that a woman has no individual existence, and that she ought always to be absorbed in them ; and yet they love no woman deeply, unless she elevates herself, by her character, above the weakness and inertia of her sex.

Mauprat.

Twenty-first Day.

A well-bred fellow . . . and careful of his toilet, . . . that's a mark of a good, steady character.

The Snow Man.

Twenty-second Day.

It remains to be seen whether the man, who, in the glory of his youth and strength, finds himself confronted with a plain duty, and turns away to escape from it, can still be happy in heedless indifference, and can venture to claim that he is contented with himself.

The Snow Man.

August

Twenty-third Day.

This incomparable man could not have slept tranquil, if before going to bed, he had not embraced all his family, and repaired, by a word or a kind glance, the vivacity of temper from which the humblest of his servants may have suffered in the course of the day.

Mauprat.

Twenty-fourth Day.

He was a young man of the most fashionable style of the period. In love with the new philosophy ; a follower of Voltaire and a great admirer of Franklin, he was more honest than intelligent ; for, although pretending to understand his oracles, he had less ability than desire to do so, a bad logician, he lost faith in his ideas ; . . . in other respects, he was full of high-flown sentiments, and believed himself much more confiding and romantic than he really was ; he prided himself upon his disinterested-

August

Twenty-fourth Day (*continued*).

ness and independence, and was rather more faithful to the prejudices of his rank, and much more sensitive to the opinions of the world than he would have been willing to allow.

The Snow Man.

Twenty-fifth Day.

He was gifted with a ready and copious flow of language, and had a varnish of education.

Mauprat.

Twenty-sixth Day.

This worthy gentleman had never loved a human being, nor even so much as a dog. Everything was perfectly indifferent to him beyond the circle of ideas in which he lived, so to speak, on himself; taking his own pleasure, admiring himself, flattering himself, and in default of better material, finding nourishment in the perfume of his own self-praise.

The Snow Man.

August

Twenty-seventh Day.

Money is dear, is one of his proverbs, for it represents to his mind something more than manual labour. Money, to him, means commerce with the outside world : an effect of foresight and caution—a progressive step, a sort of intellectual struggle elevating him above his indolent and careless habits ; in a word, it means the labour of the spirit.

Mauprat.

Twenty-eighth Day.

All careers are desirable for men who know how to make them so.

The Snow Man.

Twenty-ninth Day.

Remember one thing ; no man can fail to fulfil his destiny but through his own fault.

The Snow Man.

August

Thirtieth Day.

He was a good-hearted and agreeable man ; yet, though he was paternal and unaffectedly kind, . . . he was rather amiable than loving.

The Snow Man.

Thirty-first Day.

He had a difficulty in expressing himself which increased his natural impatience, and often put him in an ill-humour with others, by making him so with himself !

The Snow Man.

September

George Eliot

To laugh at men's affairs is a woman's privilege,
tending to enliven the domestic hearth.

Theophrastus Secb.

September

First Day.

In the multitude of middle-aged men who go about their vocations in a daily course, determined for them much in the same way as the tie of their cravats, there is always a good number who once meant to shape their own deeds and alter the world a little. The story of their coming to be shapen after the average and fit to be packed by the gross, is hardly ever told even in their consciousness; for perhaps their ardor for generous unpaid toil cooled as imperceptibly as the ardor of other youthful loves, till one day their earlier self walked like a ghost in its old home, and made the new furniture ghastly. Nothing in the world more subtle than the procees of their gradual change! In the beginning they inhaled it unknowingly; you and I may have sent some of our breath toward infecting them, when we uttered our conforming falsities or drew our silly conclusions; or perhaps it came with the vibrations from a woman's glance.

Middlemarch.—Vol. I.—Book II.

September

Second Day.

Knightly love is blent with reverence
As heavenly air is blent with heavenly blue.

The Spanish Gypsy—Book I.

Third Day.

I don't say life is not worth having; it is worth having to a man who has some sparks of sense and feeling and bravery in him. And the finest fellow of all would be the one who could be glad to have lived because the world was chiefly miserable, and his life had come to help some one who needed it. He would be the man who had the most power and the fewest selfish wants.

Felix Holt.

Fourth Day.

Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact—from calling us to look through a heap of millet-seed in order to be sure there is no pearl in it.

Theophrastus Such.

Sixth Day

September

Fifth Day.

The commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is conscious of the difference between a lovely, delicate woman and a common one. Even a dog feels a difference in their presence. The man may be no better able than the dog to explain the influence the more refined beauty has on him, but he feels it.

Adam Bede.

Sixth Day.

Even to the man who presents the most elastic resistance to what is unpleasant, there will come moments when the pressure from without is too strong for him, and he must feel the smart and the bruise in spite of himself.

Romola.

September

Seventh Day.

Depend upon it, vanity is human—native alike to man and woman ; only in the male it is of denser texture, less volatile, so that it less immediately informs you of its presence, but is more massive and capable of knocking you down if you come into collision with it. . . . A man cannot show his vanity in a tight skirt which forces him to walk sideways down the staircase ; but let the match be between the respective vanities of largest beard and tightest skirt, and here too, the battle would be to the strong.

Theophrastus Such.

Eighth Day.

He was conscious of that peculiar irritation which will sometimes befall the man whom others are inclined to trust as a mentor—the irritation of perceiving that he is supposed to be entirely off the same plane of desire and temptation as those who confess to him. Our guides, we pretend, must be sinless ; as if those

Tenth Day

September

Eighth Day (*continued*).

were not often the best teachers who only yesterday got corrected for their mistakes.

Daniel Deronda.—Vol. II.—Book V.

Ninth Day.

The best augury of a man's success in his profession is that he thinks it the finest in the world.

Daniel Deronda.—Vol. II.—Book VIII.

Tenth Day.

A man out of temper does not wait for proofs before feeling toward all things, animate and inanimate, as if they were in a conspiracy against him, but at once thrashes his horse or kicks his dog in consequence.

Daniel Deronda.—Vol. II.—Book VII.

September

Eleventh Day.

It is not sublime, but it is common, for a man to see the beloved object unhappy, because his rival loves another, with more fortitude and a milder jealousy than if he saw her entirely happy in his rival.

Daniel Deronda.—Vol. II.—Book VIII.

Twelfth Day.

He was one of those men, and they are not the commonest, of whom we can know the best only by following them away from the market-place, the platform, and the pulpit, entering with them into their own homes, hearing the voice with which they speak to the young and aged about their own hearthstone, and witnessing their thoughtful care for the every-day wants of every-day companions, who take all their kindness as a matter of course, and not as a subject for panegyric.

Adam Bede.

September

Thirteenth Day.

He was made of excellent human dough, and had the rare merit of knowing that his talents, even if let loose, would not set the smallest stream on fire ; hence he liked the prospect of a wife to whom he could say : “ What shall we do ? ” about this or that. . . . In short, he was ready to endure a great deal of predominance, which, after all, a man could always put down when he liked. . . . Why not ? A man’s mind—what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine—as the smallest birch-tree is of a higher kind than the most soaring palm—and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality. Sir James might not have originated this estimate ; but a kind Providence furnishes the limpest personality with a little gum or starch in the form of tradition.

Middlemarch.—Vol. I.—Book I.

Fourteenth Day.

He was unique to her among men, because he had impressed her as being not her admirer but

September

Fourteenth Day (*continued*).

her superior. In some mysterious way he was becoming a part of her conscience, as one woman whose nature is an object of reverential belief may become a new conscience to a man.

Daniel Deronda.—Vol. II.—Book V.

Fifteenth Day.

It is a common enough case, that of a man being suddenly captivated by a woman nearly the opposite of his ideal; or if not wholly captivated, at least effectively captured by a combination of circumstances, along with an unwarily manifested inclination which might otherwise have been transient.

Theophrastus Such.

Sixteenth Day.

We are apt to consider an act wrong because it is unpleasant to us, said the rector, quietly. Like many men who take life easily, he had the

Eighteenth Day

September

Sixteenth Day (*continued*).

knack of saying a home truth occasionally to those who felt themselves virtuously out of temper.

Middlemarch.—Vol. II.—Book VIII.

Seventeenth Day.

It seemed to him as if he were beholding in a magic panorama a future where he himself was sliding into that pleasureless yielding to the small solicitation of circumstance, which is a commoner history of perdition than any single momentous bargain.

Middlemarch.—Vol. II.—Book VIII.

Eighteenth Day.

Even a man who has practiced himself in love-making till his own glibness has rendered him skeptical may at last be overtaken by the lover's awe—may tremble, stammer, and show other signs of recovered sensibility no more in the range of his acquired talents than pins and

September

Eighteenth Day (*continued*).

needles after numbness. How much more may that energetic timidity possess a man whose inward history has cherished his susceptibilities instead of dulling them, and has kept all the language of passion fresh and rooted as the lovely leafage about the hill-side spring.

Daniel Deronda.—Vol. II.—Book VIII.

Nineteenth Day.

We are apt to measure what a gifted man has done by our arbitrary conception of what he might have done, rather than by a comparison of his actual doings with those of other ordinary men. We make ourselves over-zealous agents of Heaven, and demand that our brother should bring usurious interest for his five talents, forgetting that it is less easy to manage five talents than two.

Leaves from a Note-Book.

Twenty-second Day

September

Twentieth Day.

"A man must have so much on his mind," is the belief by which a wife often supports a cheerful face under rough answers and unfeeling words.

Silas Marner.

Twenty-first Day.

It is a peculiar test of a man's metal when, after he has painfully adjusted himself to what seems a wise provision, he finds all his mental precaution a little beside the mark, and his excellent intentions no better than miscalculated dovetails, accurately cut from a wrong starting-point. His magnanimity has got itself ready to meet misbehavior, and finds quite a different call upon it.

Daniel Deronda.—Vol. II.—Book V.

Twenty-second Day.

Men who have seen a good deal of life don't always end by choosing their wives so well.

Daniel Deronda.—Vol. II.—Book V.

September

Twenty-third Day.

To be an unusual young man means for the most part to get a difficult mastery over the usual, which is often like the sprite of ill-luck you pack up your goods to escape from, and see grinning at you from the top of your luggage-van.

Daniel Deronda.—Vol. II.—Book V.

Twenty-fourth Day.

There are men whose presence infuses trust and reverence; there are others to whom we have need to carry our trust and reverence ready-made.

Romola.

Twenty-fifth Day.

His face had the vacillating expression of a mind unable to concentrate itself strongly in the channel of one great emotion or belief, an expression which is fatal to influence over an ardent nature. Such an expression is not the

September

Twenty-fifth Day (*continued*).

stamp of insincerity ; it is the stamp simply of a shallow soul, which will often be found sincerely striving to fill a high vocation, sincerely composing its countenance to the utterance of sublime formulas, but finding the muscles twitch or relax in spite of belief, as prose insists on coming instead of poetry to the man who has not the divine frenzy.

Romola.

Twenty-sixth Day.

He was not to be turned aside from any course he had chosen ; but he disliked all quarreling as an unpleasant expenditure of energy that could have no good practical result. He was at once active and luxurious ; fond of mastery, and good-natured enough to wish that every one about him should like his mastery ; not caring greatly to know other people's thoughts, and ready to despise them as blockheads if their

September

thoughts differed from his, and yet solicitous that they should have no colorable reason for slight thought about him. The blockheads must be forced to respect him.

Felix Holt.

Twenty-seventh Day.

It is well known that great scholars who have shown the most pitiless acerbity in their criticism of other men's scholarship have yet been of a relenting and indulgent temper in private life ; and I have heard of a learned man meekly rocking the twins in the cradle with his left hand, while with his right he inflicted the most lacerating sarcasms on an opponent who betrayed a brutal ignorance of Hebrew. Weakness and errors must be forgiven—alas ! they are not alien to us—but the man who takes the wrong side on the momentous subject of the Hebrew points must be treated as the enemy of his race.

Adam Bede.

September

Twenty-eighth Day.

"I think it is hardly an argument against a man's general strength of character, that he should be apt to be mastered by love. A fine constitution does n't insure one against small-pox or any other of those inevitable diseases. A man may be very firm in other matters, and yet be under a sort of witchery from a woman." . . .

Yes ; but there is this difference between love and small-pox, or bewitchment either—that if you detect the disease at an early stage and try change of air there is every chance of complete escape, without any further development of symptoms. And there are certain alterative doses which a man may administer to himself by keeping unpleasant consequences before his mind ; that gives you a sort of smoked glass through which you may look at the resplendent fair one and discern her true outline ; though I 'm afraid, by-the-by, the smoked glass is apt to be missing just at the moment it is most

September

Twenty-eighth Day (*continued*).

wanted. I dare say, now, even a man fortified with a knowledge of the classics might be lured into an imprudent marriage, in spite of the warning given him by the chorus in the *Prometheus*.

Adam Bede.

Twenty-ninth Day.

The gladness in his face was of that active kind which seems to have energy enough not only to flash outwardly, but to light up busy vision within : one seemed to see thought as well as delight in his face.

Middlemarch—Vol. II.—Book V.

Thirtieth Day.

He is a very good fellow, but pulpy ; he will run into any mould, but he won't keep shape !

Middlemarch.—Vol. I.—Book I.

October

Edna Lyall

No man is altogether evil; there is latent good in him.

Donovan.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

October

First Day.

He was clever, but shallow, and he had dabbled in science, and rather prided himself on being able to appreciate the difficulties which great minds found in reconciling the new discoveries of science and the old faiths. He quoted Tyndall and Huxley with great aptness, and, though on occasion he was quite capable of appearing to be exceedingly orthodox, yet he was rather fond of styling himself an Agnostic when quite sure of his audience. He was not a sincere man ; he liked talking of his "intellectual difficulties," and regarded skepticism as not bad form now-a-days.

Donovan.

Second Day.

He is dreadfully fond of people with titles. It is his one weakness.

Knight-Errant.

October

Third Day.

She saw in him a noble, self-sacrificing character; a resolute cleaving to the right at whatever cost to himself; a tenderness to children; a great capability of endurance; an untiring search and desire for truth.

Donovan.

Fourth Day.

He is so fair and open-minded, that directly he sees anything, he will act upon it, though it were ever so much against his wishes.

Doreen.

Fifth Day.

In the average man there is still a dreadful amount of Eastern feeling with regard to women.

Doreen.

Seventh Day

October

Sixth Day.

What sort of a fellow is he?
A regular sawney—good-humored enough,
but weak as water.

Donovan.

Seventh Day.

Men have for so many generations been in the habit of regarding their wives as Petruchio did, and asserting, "I will be master of what is mine own ; she is my goods, my chattels," that it is not so easy for them to hold fast to the high ideals of unity which is really involved in the parable of Christ, and His Bride the Church. Good heavens ! how sick it makes one to hear those words read at the marriage of some brute of a fellow who has no right to marry an innocent girl, and who is certain to turn into a selfish, hectoring tyrant.

Doreen.

October

Eighth Day.

His remorse having only reached the stage of desiring the personal comfort of restitution, it was scarcely wonderful that when a chance of honest confession was given him he rejected it.

Donovan.

Ninth Day.

People who meet him in society only know one side of him, and the sunny side is fascinating enough, but when he is put out, he can be more like a grizzly bear than any one I know.

Doreen.

Tenth Day.

I don't say that men are not so constant as women, but that they have a greater capacity for seeing more than one side of a question.

Doreen.

Thirteenth Day

October

Eleventh Day.

It is not one man in a thousand who is unselfish enough to run the risk of spoiling his own career and incurring general odium for the sake of a cause which, after all, is not really his.

Doreen.

Twelfth Day.

It is easier for the Ethiopian to change his skin, than for a man to live down the past in public opinion.

We Two.

Thirteenth Day.

He was a man who accepted the great facts of life with the unquestioning faith of a child, and probably troubling himself very little about them. He was a good man and a good husband, but the enthusiasm of his nature spent itself in his daily work . . . and ancient Egypt was far more real to him than modern England.

Doreen.

October

Fourteenth Day.

He had the look of one who had fought a hard fight and had conquered, yet would bear all his life the scars of the conflict.

Doreen.

Fifteenth Day.

He usually succeeded in life, and invariably he expected to succeed. This was not from conceit, but from a certain unconquerable hopefulness of temperament, and from the long spell of unbroken good fortune which he had enjoyed.

Doreen.

Sixteenth Day.

His strong conviction, the every-day language which he used in speaking of the truths which most people, from a mistaken notion of reverence, wrap up in a sort of ecclesiastical

Eighteenth Day

October

Sixteenth Day (*continued*).

phraseology ; above all, the carrying out in his life of the idea of universal brotherhood, with so many a mere form of words, all served to impress her very deeply.

We Two.

Seventeenth Day.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday ; but it takes a great mind to do it.

Doreen.

Eighteenth Day.

He was rather a clever man, but one-sided and bigoted ; cold hearted too. . . . Though shrewd and clever, he had no ambition.

We Two.

October

Nineteenth Day.

He held that the only happiness worth having was that which came to a man while engaged in promoting the general good. That the whole duty of man was to devote himself to the service of others, and he lived his creed.

We Two.

Twentieth Day.

An inheritance of money may or may not be a desirable thing, but an inheritance of character, an ancestry of generous, true-hearted men, who did justly and loved mercy, and walked humbly with their God, this is a thing that kings might covet.

Knight-Errant.

Twenty-first Day.

When his love was once given it was very true and sterling—no mere idle pretence, not a selfish taking of what can be got, but a real out-giving from self. Given an object to spend

Twenty-third Day

October

Twenty-first Day (*continued*).

his love upon, he was capable of immense self-sacrifice ; it was his bitter misanthropy and his resolute shutting out of the source of love which had so narrowed and cramped his life.

Donovan.

Twenty-second Day.

He was one of those men whose quiet impulsive faces reveal scarcely anything of their character. He was neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair, neither handsome nor the reverse ; in fact, his personality was not in the least impressive ; while, like most true artists, he observed all things so quietly that you rarely discovered that he was observing at all.

The Autobiography of a Slander.

Twenty-third Day.

There are times when a man in love is an altogether intolerable sort of being ; there are other times when he is very much improved by

October

Twenty-third Day (*continued*).

the passion, and regards the whole world with a genial kindness which contrasts strangely with his previous cool cynicism.

Autobiography of a Slander.

Twenty-fourth Day.

All the world has taken him up. . . . One meets him everywhere, yet nobody seems to know anything about him; . . . because he seems to be rich and good-natured, every one is ready to run after him.

Autobiography of a Slander.

Twenty-fifth Day.

The man I love must be true and strong, faithful to his friends, and merciful to his enemies; he must be so noble and self-denying that I shall be able to look up to him as my head—my lord.

Donovan.

Twenty-eighth Day

October

Twenty-sixth Day.

A true-born Britisher fidgets, and wiggles, and grumbles, and in the end does not look as if he had found the right place.

Donovan.

Twenty-seventh Day.

Something he lacked, something he possessed. . . . The something lacking showed itself in his ineradicable love of jewellery, and in a transparent habit of fibbing ; the something possessed showed itself in his easy grace of movement, his delightful readiness to amuse and to be amused, and in a certain cleverness and rapidity of idea.

Autobiography of a Slander.

Twenty-eighth Day.

He was one of those who cannot help caring more for the lost sheep than for the ninety and nine in the fold, and though he was by no means inclined meekly to condone sin, or to

October

Twenty-eighth Day (*continued*).

make light of it, no one had ever heard him denounce a sinner, or speak a harsh word of any whom society had condemned.

Donovan.

Twenty-ninth Day.

Because he was conscious of Charles Osmond's unasserted but very real superiority, he cared not what he said, felt no restriction, no fear of going too far, or of giving too much confidence. The really clever, really good, really great, inspire trust when the mediocre inspire dread.

Donovan.

Thirtieth Day.

His fault was this—he was too conscious of his influence ; he knew that he had exceptional gifts, and all his life long he had been struggling with that deadliest of foes—conceit. He had the exquisite candour to call his fault by its true name, a very rare virtue ; and few things

Thirty-first Day

October

Thirtieth Day (continued).

angered him more than to hear conceit confounded with self-respect or proper pride of independence. Conceit was conceit pure and simple ; the word pride had lost its objectionable meaning. To tell a man that he was proud would make him feel almost gratified, would give him a sense of dignity, but to tell him he was conceited, would be sure to give him a hard home-thrust.

Donovan.

Thirty-first Day.

He had a very strange fascination about him. He had an extraordinary power in his touch ; to shake hands with him was to receive no conventional greeting, but to be taken closer to the man himself, to be assured of his hearty, honest sympathy. . . . All his soul seemed to look out of his eyes. They were eyes which never looked in a hard way at people, never seemed to be forming an opinion about them, but, like the bright eager eyes of a dog, expressed almost as clearly as words, "let us come as near each other as we can."

Donovan.

November

Christina G. Rossetti

Men—Champions of right and putters-down of wrong.

Poem—All Thy Works Praise Thee.



November

First Day.

If any one liked him at first sight, it was because there was nothing on the surface to stir a contrary feeling; and if any one volunteered a confidence to him, it was justified by his habitual taciturnity, which suggested a mechanical aptitude at keeping a secret; yet, however appearances were against him, he was a shrewd man of business, and not deficient in determination of character.

Commonplace.

Second Day.

Man is very apt to contemplate himself out of all proportion to his surroundings; true, he is "much better than they", yet have they also their assigned province and their guaranteed dues.

A Reading Diary.

November

Third Day.

Half-hearted and double-faced men resemble husbandmen who prune salient twigs from a poisonous plant, by that very pruning strengthening the deep-seated, unattacked root.

A Reading Diary.

Fourth Day.

He was elastic of step, rotund of figure, bright-eyed, rosy, white headed, not altogether unlike a robin redbreast that had been caught in the snow.

Commonplace.

Fifth Day.

His coachman, footman, and horses were fat, as befitted a fat master, whose circumstances and whose temperament might be defined as fat also ; for ease, good nature, and fat have an obvious affinity.

Commonplace.

Eighth Day

November

Sixth Day.

A man he was of many toils and of much love,
faithful to old associations and unforgetful.

Time Flies.

Seventh Day.

One man is my world of all the men
This wide world holds.

Monna Innominata, I.

Eighth Day.

O my heart's heart, and you who are to me
More than myself myself, God be with you,
Keep you in strong obedience leal and true
To Him whose noble service setteth free,
Give you all good we see or can foresee,
Make your joys many and your sorrows few,
Bless you in what you bear and what you do,
Yea, perfect you as He would have you be.
So much for you ; but what for me ?

November

Eighth Day (*continued*).

To love you without stint and all I can
To-day, to-morrow, world without an end ;
 To love you much and yet to love you more,
 As Jordan at his flood sweeps either shore ;
Since woman is the helpmeet made for man.

Monna Innominata.

Ninth Day.

Men work and think, but women feel.

Poem—An “Immurata” Sister.

Tenth Day.

MEN.

God gives us power to rule ; He gives us power
To rule ourselves, and prune the exuberant
 flower
Of youth, and worship Him hour by hour.

Poem—All Thy Works Praise Thee.

November

Eleventh Day.

Shame is a shadow cast by sin.
Nevertheless, men die not of such smart ;
And shame gives back what nothing else can
give,
Man to himself,—then sets him up on high.

Poems—Later Life, XIII.

Twelfth Day.

He was burdened with an insatiable love of fun, and a ready, if not a witty, wit, was addicted to venting jokes, repartees, and so-called anecdotes ; the last not always unimpeachably authentic, . . . and yet, no sham was admitted within his doors, unless imaginary anecdotes and quotations must be stigmatized as shams !

Commonplace.

November

Thirteenth Day.

He had a ready good nature, which seemed to make every one a principal person in his regard; an open hand that liked spending; but a want of deep or definite purpose, and unconcern as to possible consequences.

Commonplace.

Fourteenth Day.

He was rather old, rather short, not handsome; with an acute eye, a sensitive mouth, and spectacles. With his complexion of sun brown, and his scattered threads of white hair, he strikingly resembled certain plants of the cactus tribe, which, in their turn, resemble withered old men.

Hero.

Fifteenth Day.

A vigorous man strolls a couple of miles along country lanes to call on an acquaintance; the act is friendly, and as such it is accepted.

Seventeenth Day

November

Fifteenth Day (*continued*).

The same man, grown gouty, hobbles his two miles on tortured feet, reluctant, yet eager, because he "loveth at all times." Which will give the highest proof of love? Which will most endear him to his friend?

Time Flies.

Sixteenth Day.

If giants, dwarfs, and persons of standard height make up mankind, surely to the mental eye human vocations exhibit as wide a scale of extremes. And this, whether we measure vocation by dignity and lowness, or by arduousness and ease.

Time Flies.

Seventeenth Day.

I have read of an elephant who was set to move an enormous weight, which it behooved him to do by sheer force of his mighty head. But not even his mighty head could stir it.

November

Seventeenth Day (*continued*).

This his overseer perceived, whereupon other elephants were summoned to assist. Then the first elephant seeing them approach, and being bent on carrying his point by himself, put forth so desperate an exertion of strength as fractured his skull. As an elephant, I greatly admire him. Yet a man moulded on his model would, I fear, turn out a failure. He would be too independent to accept help, or to be set right, and he would sacrifice his cause rather than his pride.

A Reading Diary.

Eighteenth Day.

Meanwhile there appears a heroic and exemplary side as well as a warning side to our elephant. He stands as a figure of one who prefers his work to himself, his duty to his life.

A Reading Diary.

Twentieth Day

November

Nineteenth Day.

Tact resembles a lubricating oil, by virtue of which needful contact is guarded against degenerating into sore rubs and grazes.

Here is a story in point :—

The pleasure grounds of a certain bishop contained an apparatus for turning on and off artificial waters. One day, in honor of guests, the Bishop issued orders to his servants to work the fountains ; but finding that this had caused offence, on the next similar occasion he gave leave to his servants to play the fountains. Whereupon all went smoothly.

Time Flies.

Twentieth Day.

He had for several years stood as a gay young bachelor of sixty. Not that, strictly speaking, any man (or, alas ! any woman) can settle down at sixty and there remain.

Commonplace.

November

Twenty-first Day.

Mr. D—— might have made head against “superstitions,” but he dared not brave “vulgar,” so he kept to himself the fact that he should hardly feel thoroughly married without a tributary shoe !

Commonplace.

Twenty-second Day.

I call him poor because he was discontented and envious. It was in vain that his apples were the largest for miles around, if his neighbor’s vines were the most productive by a single bunch ; it was in vain that his lambs were fat and thriving, if some one else’s sheep bore twins ; so, instead of enjoying his own prosperity, and being glad when his neighbors prospered too, he would sit grumbling and bemoaning himself as if every other man’s riches were his poverty.

Nick.

Twenty-fifth Day

November

Twenty-third Day.

A civilised man complaining of having little time, an uncivilised man, who heard him, retorted that he supposed he had all the time there was to be had.

Time Flies.

Twenty-fourth Day.

He was a man in continual pain, hindered and hampered in his career by irremediable ill-health. And moreover he was, in occasional social intercourse, one of the most cheerful people I ever knew.

Time Flies.

Twenty-fifth Day.

Some men have it as their life-long characteristic to rank not first, but second in their particular world, circle, career, groove. Such men may be positively good, comparatively inferior: positively liked, comparatively unloved. They are the Ajax Telamons of everyday life.

Time Flies.

November

Twenty-sixth Day.

In common parlance Strong and Weak are merely relative terms: thus the "strong" of one sentence will be the "weak" of another. We behold the strong appointed to help the weak. Angels who "excel in strength," men. And equally the weak the strong: woman the weaker vessel, man.

Time Flies.

Twenty-seventh Day.

"A square man in a round hole"—we behold him incompatible, irreconcilable, a standing incongruity. This world is full of square men in round holes; of persons unsuited to their post, calling, circumstances. What is our square man to do? Clearly one of two things: he must either get out of his round hole, or else he must stay in it. If he can get out by any lawful exit, let him up and begone, and betake himself to a square habitat. But for one cubic man who can shift quarters, there may be a million who

November

Twenty-seventh Day (*continued*).

cannot. And this notwithstanding that many such ought never to have stepped into a circular hole at all : once in, therein they must abide. Our permanent square tenant, then : what shall he do to mitigate the misfit which cannot be rectified? He can turn that very misfit to account by setting loose among his surroundings, . . . but the main change must be wrought not in his surroundings, but in himself: for the circle symbolizes eternity ; and to fit into any round, any square must sacrifice its angles.

Time Flies.

Twenty-eighth Day.

Or to reverse the figure. Let our man be round and let him occupy a square hole. Let man thus appear to us, as in truth he is, primarily tenant not to a finite "square" but to an infinite "circle." He feels ill at ease in his square : or thus, at heart, he ought to feel. He abides cramped, dwarfed ; he cannot expand evenly

November

Twenty-eighth Day (*continued*).

and harmoniously in all directions with perfect balance of parts. Wherever he expands he is liable to graze and get jammed against prison confines. Ought he to feel habitually comfortable? He ought to be incessantly thankful, contented, joyful, hopeful; scarcely, perhaps, prevalently comfortable. We do not expect a caged eagle to look comfortable. We rather expect him to exhibit noble indignant aspiration and the perpetual protest of balked latent power.

Time Flies.

Twenty-ninth Day.

Man's life is but a working day
Whose tasks are set aright;
A time to work, a time to pray,
And then a quiet night.

Time Flies.

Thirtieth Day

November

Thirtieth Day.

To be a saint at all, man must become like God; to be at all like God, man must become a saint.

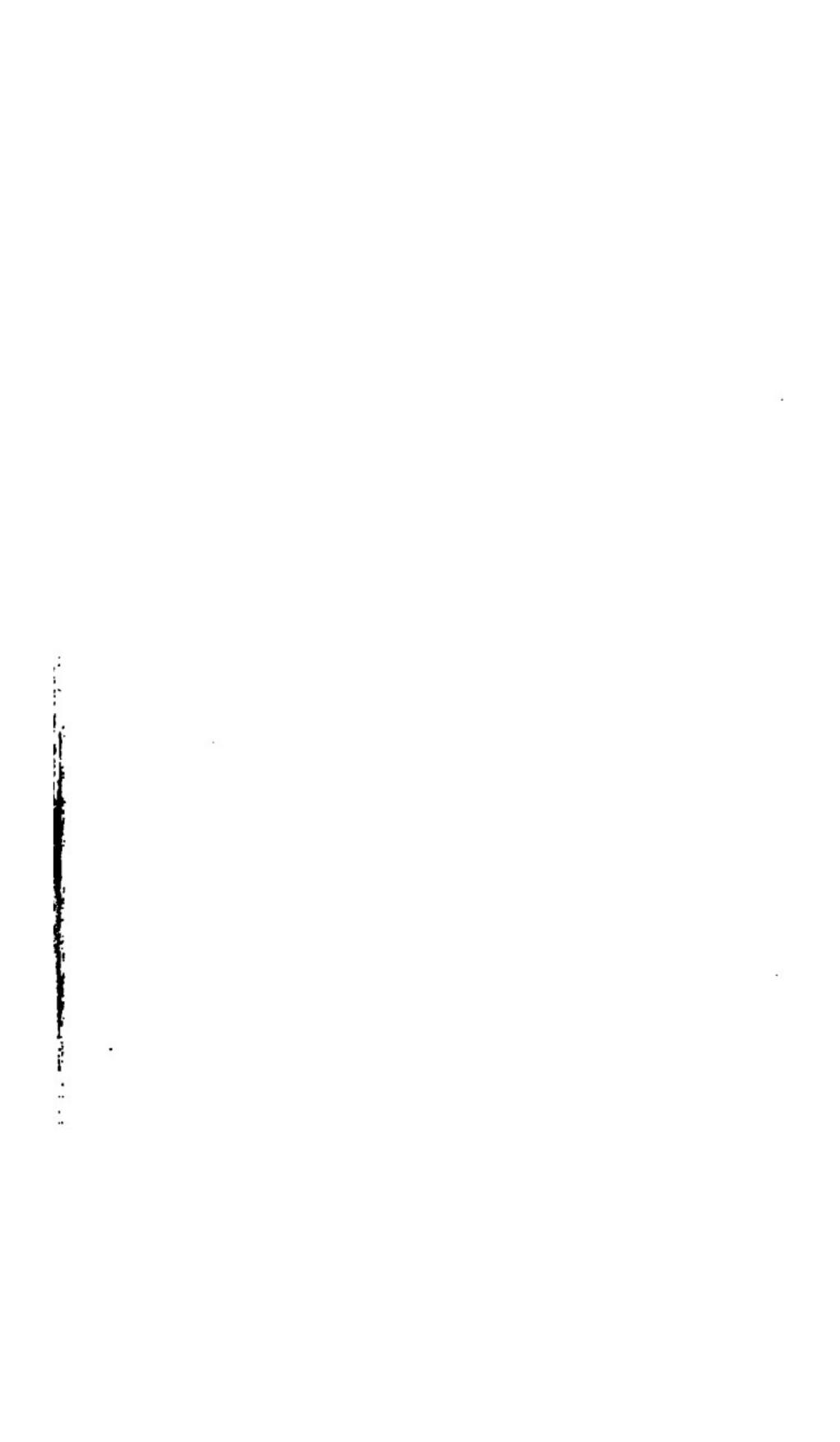
Time Flies.

December

Mrs. Humphrey Ward

Men are a medley, don't you think?

Marcella.—Vol. II.



December

First Day.

A man nowadays is, in the long run, personally profitable, far more by what he is than by what he has—so far at least has “progress” brought us.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Second Day.

There was in this little man, with his considerable brain and his poet's heart, something of the “imperishable child.” Like a wholesome child, he did not easily “think evil”; his temper towards all men—even the owners of “Way-leaves” and mining royalties—was optimist.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Third Day.

The just living of a life-time makes a man incapable of any mere selfish handling of another's interests—a fact on which the bystanders may reckon.

Marcella.—Vol. I.

December

Fourth Day.

He had an open, ruddy face, spoilt by an expression of chronic perplexity, which was almost fretfulness. Not that the countenance was without shrewdness ; but it suggested that the man had ambitions far beyond his power of performance, and already knew himself to be inadequate.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Fifth Day.

The brow beneath the bright chestnut curls had gained lines that pleased her—lines that a woman marks, because she thinks they mean experience and mastery.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Sixth Day.

He had a singular unity of soul—it had been the source of his power—and every economical

Eighth Day

December

Sixth Day (*continued*).

or social conviction was in some way bound up with the moral and religious passion which was his being—his inmost self.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Seventh Day.

A man on whom his fellows might lean, a man in whom the generation of spiritual force was so strong and continuous that it overflowed by necessity into the poorer, barrener lives around him, kindling and enriching.

Robert Elsmere.

Eighth Day.

He must have been one of the people who get ill in their minds for want of a good mouth-filling laugh now and then. The man who can't amuse himself a bit out of the world is sure to get his head addled somehow, poor creature.

Robert Elsmere.

December

Ninth Day.

Any one would think he was prime minister already ! I never met him yet anywhere that he had n't some business on hand. Why does he behave as though he had the world on his shoulders ? Your *real* swells always seem to have nothing to do.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Tenth Day.

He lacks just the qualities that matter—the reticence, the power of holding himself aloof from irrelevant things and interests, the hard self-concentration.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Eleventh Day.

“Blessed are the poor”—“Woe unto you, rich men”—these were the only articles of his scanty creed, but they were held with a fervour, and acted upon with a conviction, which our modern religion seldom commands.

Marcella.—Vol. I.

Fourteenth Day

December

Twelfth Day.

If all the truth were known, most men would look foolish ; and the men who thank God that they were not as other men, soonest of all.

Marcella.—Vol. I.

Thirteenth Day.

He was not a man to be lightly played upon —nay, rather a singularly reserved and scrupulous person.

Marcella.—Vol. I.

Fourteenth Day.

Altogether a melancholy, pitiable man—at once thorough-going sceptic and thorough-going idealist, the victim of that critical sense which says no to every impulse, and is always restlessly, and yet hopelessly, seeking the future through the neglected and outraged present.

Robert Elsmere.

December

Fifteenth Day.

To be the strength, the inmost joy, of a man who within the conditions of his life seems to you a hero at every turn—there is no happiness more penetrating for a wife than this.

Robert Elsmere.

Sixteenth Day.

The man who is religious by nature tends to keep his treasure hid from the man who is critical by nature. . . . Men shrink and will always shrink from what seems to touch things dearer to them than life.

Robert Elsmere.

Seventeenth Day.

How good he was—how affectionate beneath his reserve—a woman might securely trust him with her future. . . . A man of his type asks for no advance from the woman ; the

Nineteenth Day

December

Seventeenth Day (*continued*).

woman he loves does not make them ; but at the same time he has a natural self-esteem, and believes readily in his power to win the return he is certain he will deserve.

Marcella.—Vol. I.

Eighteenth Day.

A man—who could not get through his life without a good deal of masquerading in which those in his immediate neighborhood were expected to join.

Marcella.—Vol. I.

Nineteenth Day.

He had the gift which enables a man, sitting perhaps after dinner in a mixed society of his college contemporaries, to lead the way imperceptibly from the casual subjects of the hour—the river, the dons, the schools—to arguments

December

Nineteenth Day (*continued*).

"of great pith and moment," discussions that touch the moral and intellectual powers of the men concerned to the utmost, without exciting distrust or any but an argumentative opposition.

Marcella.—Vol. I.

Twentieth Day.

Eagerness, indeed, seemed to be the note of the whole man, of the quick eyes and mouth, the flexible hands and energetic movements.

Robert Elsmere.

Twenty-first Day.

One thing at least was clear to her—the curious recognition that never before had she considered Aldous Raeburn, *in and for himself*, as an independent human being. He was just *a piece of furniture* in my place last year, she said to herself with a pang of frank remorse.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Twenty-fourth Day

December

Twenty-second Day.

He saw himself as the man *standing midway* in everything—speculation, politics, sympathies—as the perennially ineffective, and, as it seemed to his morbid mood, the perennially defeated type.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Twenty-third Day.

It was the very complexity and puzzle of his character that made its force.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Twenty-fourth Day.

He was a youth of many friends, by virtue of a natural gift of sympathy, which was no doubt often abused, and by no means invariably profitable to its owner, but wherein, at any rate, his power over his fellows, like the power of half the potent men in the world lay rooted.

Robert Elsmere.

December

Twenty-fifth Day.

A man strong enough to take a line of his own even at the risk of unpopularity.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Twenty-sixth Day.

The eye was wavering and profoundly melancholy: all the movements of the tall, finely built frame were hesitating and doubtful. It was as though the man were suffering from paralysis of some moral muscle or other; as if some of the normal springs of action in him had been profoundly and permanently weakened.

Robert Elsmere.

Twenty-seventh Day.

There was something in his strong build, pale but healthy aquiline face, his inconspicuous brown eyes and hair, which seemed to mark him out as the ordinary earthy dweller in an earthy world.

Marcella.—Vol. I.

December

Twenty-eighth Day.

Men of business do not, as a rule, blazon their own dirty work.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Twenty-ninth Day.

He was absorbed with himself. . . . The smile of satisfied vanity, of stimulated ambition was on his lips.

Marcella.—Vol. II.

Thirtieth Day.

He was pre-eminently a person of moods, dependent, probably, as all moods are, on certain obscure physical variations.

Robert Elsmere.

Thirty-first Day.

A man has but the one puny life, the one tiny spark of faith. Better be venturesome with both for *God's sake*, than over-cautious, over-thirsty. And—to his own Master he standeth or falleth!

Robert Elsmere.

—

